

THE ATHENÆUM.

Literary and Critical Journal.

1828.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23.

No. 4.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. II.

Mr. Jeffrey and The Edinburgh Review.

THE 'Edinburgh Review' is now chiefly known as a political pamphlet of great talent, published once a quarter. The gold and azure of its dawning gives us the promise of three or four solid calculating articles on history and political economy, a paper of pleasant jokes against the Tories, and, perhaps, a few pages of scandalous chronicle on the sins of our great grandmothers, with some gentle gossip about modern science and the Society for Useful Knowledge. It was not always thus. The time has been when not only the dealers in political small-talk, but the whole mass of literary feeling and opinion, and no trifling portion of what is called the religious public, were disturbed and startled by the successive charges of these Edinburgh Light-Horse-Volunteers, in their sky-blue uniforms, and yellow facings.

What we have to say upon the causes of this change must be merely incidental, as the main subject of the present paper is the mental character of Mr. Jeffrey, the boldest and most bustling of these redoubted cavaliers.

Mr. Jeffrey's name first became known as that of an anonymous critic (anonymous to the world in general, from the omission of an avowed name to his articles, but sufficiently known to all the literary circles of Europe). He came into life with the kind of cleverness, and the degree of self-confidence, naturally produced by conflict only with men of his own age and stamp, in literary and debating societies. In these he had found little to call out the higher powers of the mind, or the nobler moral capacities; among very young, and not very learned men, he can scarcely have encountered any antagonist over whom he could not triumph, at least in appearance, by his ready and ingenious volubility, and the resources of a fertile, though rather flippant, fancy. He was, therefore, admirably qualified to be the Editor of a new Review. His profusion of plausible language would enable him to supply with ease and decency any accidental deficiency of matter; his levity in the treatment of grave subjects would make them amusing, if not instructive, to the meanest capacity; and the careless impudence of his editorial colouring was excellently calculated to lend the appearance of conscious superiority even to the blunders and inanities of his associates.

The Review accordingly appeared, and bore in every line the traces of Mr. Jeffrey's superintendence. Airy ridicule, or solemn banter, the declamatory roar, the decisive dogma, the sly half-masked innuendo, all and each were employed alternately or together; so that the sufferings of authors, and the applauses of the public, were equally obvious and unprecedented. No single book probably ever made so decided and general a sensation. It is not wonderful that a knot of young men, reeking from the pleasurable exertions of debating societies, and the delight of mutual applause, should have been led into taking that tone of decision and defiance which is the main secret of their first success. It is still less to be marvelled at, that the shouts and gratulations of the whole mob of literature should have urged them to still bolder enterprises. Least of all, will a wise man be surprised at the triumph

of the Edinburgh Reviewers, when he considers the state of the public mind to which they addressed themselves, and the nature of the instruments they used.

Mr. Jeffrey appeared before the world at a time when the minds of men were all afloat; not indeed resolutely bent, as at the period of the Reformation, upon a voyage of discovery; but wandering at the will of the breezes and the billows, and now and then unconsciously following for a moment the guidance of some self-appointed pilot, or the course of some hidden current. In politics, the overpowering interest and frightful nearness of the French Revolution, had destroyed men's belief in principles, and absorbed their anxiety in the contemplation of mighty and terrible events. The aristocracy of this country, moreover, had felt or thought themselves in such imminent peril, that they had exerted all their influence over the public mind; and, by the aid of newspapers and debates, political dinners, and bloody battles, had succeeded in making every appearance of sympathy with the people, or attempt at speculation on the theory of government, in the highest degree unpopular and unfashionable. The 'Edinburgh Review,' accordingly, instead of opposing itself to an anti-revolutionary horror, which though just in itself, was then carried infinitely too far, assumed and held for several years a high aristocratical and monarchical tone of opinion. This was only modified by its becoming the tool and organ of a party. The political discussions of the 'Edinburgh Review' have thus been always based upon the narrow system of a particular sect; and we doubt whether it has ever contained a single article tending to enlarge or exalt men's views of the social interests of their species.

In criticism, before Mr. Jeffrey became notorious for his attempts to philosophize upon poetry, this country had been fed upon such weak and mawkish spoon meat, that it is no wonder we did not for some time discover how really vague, unsubstantial, and unsatisfactory were the speculations of this celebrated author. Any one who looks back to his writings from the vantage ground on which we now stand, will readily perceive that, under a considerable appearance of freshness and novelty, and of a tendency to look at poetry in connection with the nature of the human mind, instead of with the rules of the critics, there is really to be found little more than an elaborate attention to details, a wish to conciliate the appearance of originality with a real determination to oppose no popular prejudice, and a want of any fine discrimination between the essential characteristics of great authors. His disgraceful obstinacy in depreciating Wordsworth, and exaggerating the merits of various men of undeniable elegance of mind, but of no creative power whatsoever, is lamentable proof of wilfulness and prejudice. He has given us no tolerable estimate of the merits of any living poet, except perhaps Mr. Moore, whom his mind is exactly calculated to appreciate. In this case, the want of profoundness, both of thought and feeling, in the critic, becomes of less importance, from the absence of any thing in the poet on which it could be exercised; while all Mr. Jeffrey's liveliness, prettiness, and neatness of mind, are brought into full play by the corresponding qualities in the object of his admiration.

But if we had time to enter into a detailed examination of the indications which Mr. Jeffrey

has given of his metaphysical, moral, and religious opinions, we should have to lead our readers through a long and grave discussion of matters at present, we fear, very unlikely to suit the taste of general society. The whole structure of Mr. Jeffrey's mind is eminently French, and the only books in the higher departments of speculation for which he seems to feel a thorough liking, are the works of French philosophers. It is a singular illustration of the spirit of the times, that while this is undeniably true, he should yet have been one of the most earnest champions for the strength and freedom of our elder poetry. Nevertheless, the whole tone of his writings seems to us to be redolent of his fondness for the solemn slippancy and sparkling common-places which abound in the works of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius. His philosophy is, like theirs, of the stamp which brings every thing from without, and sees in the human mind nothing more precious or powerful than an empty receptacle for those dead forms which are borne in upon it by the external world. We have not at present the opportunity of following out all the conclusions as to his mind, which may be derived from this principle, and which are verified in every page of his writings. But we have no doubt that it is very closely connected with the absence of all warm moral enthusiasm, the contempt for all plans of wide political amelioration, and the recourse for the elements of human virtue, not to any native strength or high aspirations within us, but to subtle calculations of consequences, whereby he would substitute for the definite and unchangeable rule, that the right is always the expedient, the maxim of the knave and the fool, or rather of that compound of both—the sophist, that the expedient is always the right.

The only virtues which have been much insisted upon by Mr. Jeffrey, as far as we remember, are goodness and family affection. These are, doubtless, excellent things, and we very sincerely believe that Mr. Jeffrey is himself a conspicuous and most amiable example of the qualities which he delights to honour in his writings. But how small a portion are they of all which is demanded from us by God, our consciences, and society; and how much may a man be distinguished for what is commonly called goodness, and for the fulfilment of ordinary domestic duties, without ever dreaming of accomplishing a tithe of that good which is within the reach of every one. Humility, self-denial, vigorous unceasing exertion for the benefit of others,—these are duties imposed upon every man. Instead of this, the 'Edinburgh Review' has exhibited to us, under Mr. Jeffrey's guidance, the wanton indulgence in a most criminal vanity, at the expense of the reputation and feelings of authors, of all the moral delicacy of its readers, and very often of truth on the part of its writers. It scarcely contains a page which does not attempt to depress, either by contemptuous silence, grave argument, or flippant ribaldry, every emotion and principle that spreads itself beyond the narrow circuit of our external and personal interest. And almost all the men of our day who have attempted to widen the petty confines of our former intellectual and moral domain, however they may have been different in other respects, yet have been uniformly treated with the same contempt by Mr. Jeffrey. Lessing, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Godwin,—there probably are scarcely any names connected in our memories with systems and peculiarities so

discordant,—and by what singular combination of circumstances is it, that Mr. Jeffrey has united his reputation, whatever it may be, with the recollection of his abuse, or at least his contempt of these men, who are among the wisest and the greatest of our age? To them the evil is nothing, for their glory and their usefulness are nourished in a far different atmosphere from that of declaimers and reviewers, and ephemeral ribaldry. Their fame has already become a part of the empyrean galaxy, whence they shed upon the dusty pathways of this work-day world a consolatory influence and holy dew. The sting and bitterness are all reserved for the writer who has corrupted his own mind to such vile uses, and perverted to such widely mischievous ends that instrument, so powerful for good or for evil, with which his hands were intrusted. The real misery is for him, and for those of his readers who may have imbibed from him any portion of that scornful and careless indifference to all that is most profoundly important in man's nature; which, in almost any age but ours, would have broadly marked out from all his contemporaries the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

In fine, the peculiarities of Mr. Jeffrey's mind appear to us to be extremely prominent and well defined. He has little of genial and joyous wit, absolutely nothing of pure imagination, very little of the power of abstraction, but a good deal of ability for sarcasm and repartee, a graceful and glittering fancy, a singular talent for clear distribution and lively illustration, and a very vivid apprehension of the outward and formal differences of minds so superior to his own, that he has never been able to conceive their earnestness, strength, and majesty. And here, in fact, consists his essential incapacity to be an instrument of any wide and permanent good; that he has felt within himself so feeble and casual an action of those nobler moral and religious propensities which are the glory and consummation of our nature, as to be utterly incapable of flinging himself boldly and decidedly, and with an utter sacrifice of merely personal objects, into any high and unfrequented path of exertion; and, as is especially remarkable in his attempts to estimate the rarer and mightier spirits of our age, he seems to have a mind as hard and dead as the nether mill-stone to the impression of that highest order of genius, which alone offers us a subject of study uniformly pregnant and inexhaustible.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S TRAVELS.

Travels in America and Italy. By VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND, author of 'Atala,' 'Travels in Greece and Palestine,' 'The Beauties of Christianity,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

IMPARTIALITY towards the leaders of parties, who either by their speeches or writings have advocated political reform, is not often to be met with from their contemporaries. Admired on the one hand by those who profess the same political principles with themselves, and derided on the other by those whose maxims and measures they have attacked, they become the idol of one portion of the public, and an object of hatred to the other; so that their conduct, as well as their writings, instead of obtaining a just measure of praise or censure, are exposed to false and hollow flattery, or to vindictive calumny and contempt.

Such has been the fate of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, the founder of a new school of literature in France. He was for a long time the champion of legitimacy, was attacked with vehemence by the exclusive admirers of Boileau and Racine, and has alternately been lauded and abused by the partisans of royalty.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that M. de Chateaubriand's writings do not always bear the impression of the same opinions; his conduct and principles of action have certainly at various

periods undergone changes which justify, to a certain extent, the opposite judgments passed upon him as the author of the 'Esprit des Révolutions,' and of 'La Monarchie selon la Charte.'

It would, indeed, scarcely be imagined that those two works had proceeded from the same pen, or that we are indebted to the same author for the 'Genie du Christianisme,' and 'La lettre sur la Presse,' for the articles in the 'Conservateur,' which professed the doctrines of absolute power, and for those contained in the 'Journal des Debats,' which advocated the principles of liberty. Who, indeed, would believe that the same individual, who now courts the friendship of the liberal party, is the same who less than five years ago held that party up to public scorn and hatred? As difficult is it to recognise in the ultra-royalist, who, on the accession of Charles the Tenth, still maintained the rights of St. Louis and his descendants, and the inviolability of the crown,—the Chateaubriand, who in 1827 declared this same crown to be an ornament of gothic origin, much beneath the dignity of a soldier.

Equally pliable in his religious as in his political creed, M. de Chateaubriand has never found any difficulty in abandoning either. Destined by his father to the navy, and by his mother to the church, he preferred the wandering life of a soldier to either. The early part of his career was irregular, and but little edifying. But as he himself tells us in the following extravagant phrase, 'Two voices issued from the tomb, the one serving as an interpreter to the other, and called upon him,' M. de Chateaubriand shed the tear of repentance, and became a firm and devoted Catholic. In 1790, he was a subaltern of infantry in the regiment of Navarre; the soldiers of that corps took part with the revolution, and he quitted the service.

'Just at this period,' says he in the book before us, 'the bustle of emigration increased; but as there was not yet any fighting, no sentiment of honour forced me, against the bias of my reason, to throw myself into the Coblenz mania. The tide of a more rational emigration poured towards the banks of the Ohio; a land of liberty offered an asylum to those who fled from the liberty of their own country. Nothing affords a stronger proof of the high value of those generous institutions than this voluntary exile of the partisans of absolute power in a republican world.'

In the spring of 1791, he set out for the United States, for the purpose, as he states, 'of discovering the passage to the north-west of America, by penetrating to the Polar Sea seen by Hearne in 1772, perceived more to the west in 1789 by Mackenzie, recognized by Captain Parry, who approached it in 1819 through Lancaster Strait, and in 1821 at the extremity of the Hecla and Fury Strait.' But he found his design impracticable, and thus speaks of it in terms of regret:

'Now that I am approaching the end of my career, when I cast a look on the past, I cannot help thinking how different that career would have been had I fulfilled the object of my voyage. Lost in those wild seas, on those hyperborean shores on which man had never imprinted his footsteps, years of discord, which have crushed so many generations with such noise, would have passed over my head in silence; the world would have changed, I being absent. It is probable that I should never have been so unfortunate as to write; my name would have remained unknown, or perhaps there would have attached to it that peaceful kind of renown, which excites no envy, and which bespeaks less glory than happiness. Who knows even if I should have re-crossed the Atlantic, if I should not have fixed my residence in the solitudes discovered by me, like a conqueror amid his conquests? It is true that I should not then have figured at the Congress of Verona, nor should I have been called *Monsieur*, at the Office for Foreign Affairs, Rue des Capucines, Paris.'

He, however, penetrated some distance into the depth of the vast wildernesses of the New World, and wandered with delight among the majestic forests of the Natchez, where he studied the savage people, whose manners he has described to us. It is to this journey we owe 'Atala,' the 'Natchez,' and the Notes on America, which form the greater

part of the work now before us. It is also to this visit to the Indians of the western hemisphere, and to the impressions of wonder created in his mind by the beauties of that unexplored country, that we may trace the enthusiastic spirit of his writings, and that propensity to wandering, for which he has been remarkable throughout his life.

The monarchs of Europe were now preparing to oppose the French Revolution. Chateaubriand returned to France, and married Mademoiselle de Vigne Buisson; and overcoming his ancient aversion, or, perhaps, reconverted to Royalism, 'against the bias of his reason, he gave himself up to the Coblenz mania.' He was wounded at the siege of Thionville; abandoned a second time the standard of the Emigrants; came to London, and there published his 'Essai sur les Révolutions.' The following anecdote relative to this anti-religious pamphlet may be here recorded. M. de Chateaubriand had intrusted the publication of it to Mr. Dulau, an emigrant ecclesiastic, whom circumstances had compelled to become a bookseller in London. The publisher ventured to offer a piece of prudent advice to the author, by observing that the times were not favourable to anti-religious works, that they were no longer considered in good taste, and had gone out of fashion; and that, if he wished to obtain favour with the public, he ought, on the contrary, to take up the defence of religion. M. de Chateaubriand took the hint, and wrote his 'Genie du Christianisme,' which was not, however, published until a later period at Paris, when Buonaparte, who was already First Consul, aspired also to become absolute Sovereign, and to effect that, it was necessary he should also be a most Christian monarch. This lucky hit brought the author into favour with the conqueror, and procured him the honour of being appointed Secretary to the Embassy at the Court of Rome; this was likewise the occasion of our being favoured with his Notes on Italy, which fill about 100 pages of the present work.

If this anecdote be true, it follows that not only were religious principles not innate in M. de Chateaubriand, but also, that it was not as he pretends, 'the warning admonition of the dead,' which restored him to the church. If the following story be also true, it affords us a key to the political conduct of our author, and explains the singularity of style which he adopted in his early writings.

It is said, that on his return from exile, Chateaubriand called upon one of his old friends, M. Gingéné, who asked him, which side he intended to espouse? 'I have read your Essay on Revolutions,' said M. Gingéné; 'there are some bold points in it, but the substance is good. Do you intend continuing in the same path? Do you propose to adopt the classic style, and still remain the advocate of liberty?' 'I should be very much inclined,' said the young author, 'to follow the rules upon which Racine and Pascal formed their reputation, but that branch of literature is exhausted. The place is already occupied, and a new path must be opened. As to politics, there are so many men of talent who uphold the principles of the Revolution, that I should merely follow in the crowd; but nobody maintains the opposite doctrines, so that it will be to my advantage to embrace that cause. I will be a royalist, and a religionist.'

He kept his word, the high-sounding language and extraordinary expressions, with which his 'Atala' and his 'Martyrs' abound, attracted the public attention, and his pilgrimage to the Holy Land made him the idol of the Faubourg St. Germain.

In solitary penitence did this modern knight-errant wend his way to the tomb of Christ. He passed through Italy, visited Greece, and travelled over Turkey, where, as a piece of railery, no doubt, they say he studied the law. He then went into Egypt, and arrived at Jerusalem towards the end of 1806. 'Having burnt an infidel's mus-

tachios,' he returned to his native country, laden with a few pebbles from Sparta, Argos, and Corinth, a chaplet, a bottle of water from the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, a few reeds from the banks of the Nile, and the manuscript of an itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem. In this were scribbled a few phrases about military glory, which delighted Napoleon, and that anti-social, anti-philosophical, and even anti-religious paradox, which was the astonishment of all France, viz.: 'that it was to a system of slavery that we must attribute the superiority of the ancients over the moderns.'

In order to reward the pious pilgrim for his praises of military glory, the conqueror caused him to succeed the republican Chenier in the French Academy. M. de Chateaubriand refused to give the customary address in praise of his predecessor, but willingly sounded an eulogium on him 'who had been sent by Providence, now weary of punishing, in sign of reconciliation.' Upon the return, however, of the ancient dynasty, the author did not hesitate to inveigh bitterly, in a work entitled 'Bonaparte and the Bourbons,' against the acts of the very man whom he had dignified with the title of Great!

Since that period, M. de Chateaubriand has filled several situations, and published divers pamphlets. He has successively been Counsellor of State, Minister, and Peer of France, Ambassador, and Minister again, alternately enjoying the confidence or suffering the disgrace, of the Monarch. His most important works have been 'La Monarchie selon la Charte,' by which he obtained the confidence of the aristocracy, and at the same time the displeasure of his sovereign; and the 'Conservateur' which restored him to the good graces of Louis XVIII., and procured for him the portfolio of foreign affairs. Displaced at length from his post by his colleague, M. de Villèle, he published his 'Letter on the Liberty of the Press,' which now ranks him among the Liberals, 'who,' as he writes in the 'Journal des Debats,' 'will, he has no doubt, do him greater justice, as the day of republican ingratitude is gone by, for every one discovers that ingratitude is barren, and generally fatal in the end.'

The character of the author—which it is of importance to understand, in order to judge accurately of the spirit of his work—has led us into such length, that we must defer the analysis of the work itself to another week; which we the more readily do, as we have given copious extracts of detached portions of it in former Numbers of our Paper.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood; interspersed with Memoirs of his Life. By G. L. N. COLLINGWOOD, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. p.p. 504. London 1828. Ridgway.

It is a spectacle equally rare and interesting, to see the gentler and more amiable affections of domestic life springing up and twining around the heart of a man whose days were almost wholly devoted to the stern pursuits of war, and spent amongst boisterous mariners and buffeting waves. The contrast between these jarring elements—material and human—and the kindly, quiet reminiscences of the noble Admiral, whose Correspondence is now before us, constitutes one of the principal charms of the volume in which it is contained, a volume replete with attraction to all who love to contemplate the genuine, unguarded feelings, the springs of thought and action which animated an individual of most superior mind and enlarged experience.

The name of Lord Collingwood is closely combined with some of the chief points of interest connected with the late war. He, in the great battle of Trafalgar, perfected what Nelson had begun: and he also, like his friend, has rendered up his life a sacrifice to the service of his country; not indeed with the mournful eclat arising from

death in the arms of victory, but in a way no less heroic: whilst unsustained by any strong excitement, and sensible that his vital powers were hastening fast to decay, (owing to constant exertion and want of native air,) Lord Collingwood, from a stern, uncompromising principle of public duty, retained his command, and relinquished it only a week before he expired.

It is curious to remark the range of thought and sentiment of which the mind of this distinguished commander was susceptible; his acuteness of perception, too, not only as regards worldly matters, (respecting which, however, his experience could have run but in a limited channel,) but as respects the most important moral truths; and his just and even nicely discriminating views, of which instances are continually occurring. Great chieftains, whether military or naval, are so apt to confound what is expedient with what is right, that to find the principle of stern and rigid justice continually actuating any man occupying such a position, is matter of congratulation as well as surprise. We doubt, however, whether the most refined metaphysician could fix a truer standard than that which the unsophisticated integrity and clear-mindedness of Lord Collingwood set up for himself: take an example, amongst many others; it is from a letter to his wife, and treats of his two daughters:

'How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining: it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time: but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before any thing else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be Stoics, or want the common feeling for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.'

And again:

'This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would of course be to the southward of Morpeth: but then I should be for ever regretting those beautiful views, which are no where to be exceeded; and even the rattling of that old wagon that used to pass our door at 6 o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I loved most dearly and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste to the fiery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honour and honesty, are hanged for some little thievery; while a knave of education and high breeding, who brandishes his honour in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first, I feel pity and compassion; for the latter, abhorrence and contempt: they are the tenfold vicious.'

His letters are, in fact, full of such affectionate,

tasteful, and unpretending recollections and aspirations. And those which, unallied to this train of feeling, turn upon public events and personages, present similar characteristics of the honourable, reflecting, and judicious writer. They will be read with much interest and satisfaction, and are calculated to beget a kind of personal attachment to the memory of their writer. Little incidental allusions to his enfeebled state of health and absorbing duties are very touching:

'God knows how truly I have served, how unremittingly I have studied my country's interest, and how I have exerted myself to promote it. What judgment I have I will use, or have nothing to do with it; and whenever that day comes when I can retire from the labours of public service, it will be a happy one indeed. In bodily strength I am worn out; and whoever enters so entirely into the state of our country as I do, and have done, cannot be much otherwise.'

'My business here is of the most important nature, and I am exerting all my powers to derive good from it. My mind is upon the full stretch—for my body, I do not know much about it, more than that it is *very feeble*.'

'This is a queer world we live in, or rather that you live in; for I reckon that I have been out of it for some time past, except the mere ceremony of shaking off mortality—which we do with great facility here.'

Yet he could occasionally strike a livelier note. When off Cadiz, in the year 1807, he writes:

'Although I do not admire boasters, I detest a miserable croaker; and I must say, I feel myself as Lord Castlereagh observed, "upon a bed of roses," and able to contend with any thing that can come to me from any quarter. My ships are complete in every thing; they never go into port more than one at a time: for myself, I have not let go an anchor for fifteen months; and on the first day of the year had not a sick list in the ship—not one man. The doctors are the only people who are in danger of scurvy, if want of employment be a cause of it.'

We close this delightful volume with regret. In whatever light Lord Collingwood is regarded, whether as a naval commander, a politician, the father of a family, or a practical philosopher, his character is sure to win upon every reader who can sympathize with unobtrusive virtues and serious thoughts. With singular acuteness and felicity, he predicted the ebb in Napoleon's fortunes, and his abrupt descent from the mastery of the European Continent. His patriotism was not only actual but prospective. The following remark is worthy of the true English sailor, who had kept at sea the greater part of his life, and, on one occasion, for the space of twenty-two months without relief or intermission!

'What I am most anxious about is the plantation of oak in the country. We shall never cease to be a great people while we have ships, which we cannot have without timber; and that is not planted, because people are unable to play at cards next year with the produce of it. I PLANT AN OAK WHENEVER I HAVE A PLACE TO PUT IT IN.'

CRADOCK'S MEMOIRS.

Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs. By J. CRADOCK, Esq., M.A. F.S.A. Vols. 3 and 4. 8vo. London, 1828. Nichols.

MR. CRADOCK, as many of our readers probably know, was a literary gentleman of independent fortune, who, having mixed a good deal in the worlds both of fashion and of wit during the earlier part of the late reign, and finding himself, when he had attained the age of eighty-three or eighty-four, one of the very few surviving associates of Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, 'and the rest,' was induced to believe that he might amuse the public by laying before them his reminiscences of his distinguished contemporaries, and contributing one or two additions to our picture of that interesting period, which so many pens had already busied themselves in illustrating. In the course of the year 1826, accordingly, appeared the first and second volumes of his 'Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs;' the publication of which, however, was followed in a few weeks by

the death of the venerable author. The two volumes now on our table, which are intended to form the continuation and conclusion of the work, are edited by Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, one of his executors, and, in so far as the Memoirs are concerned, seem to consist merely of a variety of stray notices, found among Mr. Cradock's papers, and not inserted in the former publication, generally printed without any regard to arrangement or continuity of narrative, although occasionally strung together by a few remarks, or elucidated by a short note from the pen of the editor. A considerable number of letters, too, which had been addressed to the author, both by his more eminent and his more obscure correspondents, are interspersed throughout the book, which may be taken in this way, we suppose, as a pretty faithful and abundant sample of the deceased octogenarian's unused literary stores.

All this, however, scarcely makes up 300 pages of one of the volumes. The remainder of Mr. Nichols's publication consists of a reprint of all the other works that have proceeded from the pen of his deceased friend; namely, a translation of Voltaire's *Tragedy of 'Les Scythes'*, under the title of '*Zobeide*'; an original *Tragedy*, called '*The Czar*,' never acted, and first sent to the press in 1824, although written fifty years before; four *Dissertations or Sermons on Moral Subjects*; a *Novel*, called '*Fidelia*;' '*A Tour in North Wales*,' formerly published; '*The Life of John Wilkes*,' (a political squib); another *Novel*, called '*Village Memoirs*;' and a small collection of *Poems*. To the whole, the Editor has prefixed, in a separate Pamphlet, '*A brief Memoir of the Author*;' followed by about 100 additional pages to a *Narrative*, formerly published, of his *Travels in France and the Netherlands*. The present, therefore, the reader will perceive, is, upon the whole, a tolerably miscellaneous collection.

Mr. Cradock appears to have been a person of some literary taste and accomplishments, but was unquestionably much more indebted to his paternal acres than to any of the other gifts of nature, for any small portion he may have acquired of literary fame or distinction. From his good nature, kindness of heart, and elegant hospitality, he seems to have been a general favourite; and being withal wealthy and well-connected, as well as fond of the conversation of clever men, and ambitious of being reckoned one of their number, he found no difficulty, of course, in drawing around him both a very fashionable and a very intellectual society, for whom his beautiful and romantic residence had many other charms, quite as inviting, we dare say, as either the recitations or the table-talk of its master. Mr. Cradock, too, for many years had a private theatre at his house at Gimsby, where, besides his amateur friends, he had occasionally some of the more eminent actors from the metropolis; while his own performances, especially as imitations of Garrick, were, there is reason to believe, very far from being contemptible. We regret to find, from Mr. Nichols's Memoir, that the worthy gentleman was obliged, from pecuniary embarrassments, to relinquish many of his wonted enjoyments in his old age, and even to resign into other hands both his estate and his library, and to spend the evening of his days in town, on a comparatively scanty annuity. His, however, was, upon the whole, a happy and enviable enough lot, since, born with at least the sympathies and propensities of a lover of literature, and yet exempted throughout his whole life by the bounty of fortune from the toil and drudgery to which literary men are in general subjected, he might be said to enjoy the pleasures without any of the penalties, both of mental riches on the one hand, and of worldly wealth on the other. If he was not in reality a very brilliant writer, he was probably just as warmly flattered by his accomplished visitors as he would have been, had he alarmed their jealousy by exhibiting more decided pretensions to the rank of a rival, and was, therefore, all the happier from his mediocrity. To do him

justice, however, he really nowhere evinces any disposition to usurp a rank in this respect to which he was not entitled, and always speaks of his own claims in the most inoffensive and unassuming manner imaginable. It is impossible to speak even of the foibles of so harmless and truly estimable a character otherwise than with charity and good humour; and of the two volumes of Memoirs especially, with the preparation of which he enlivened the few last months of his very protracted life, whatever we may think of the abstract value of their contents, we should be ashamed of ourselves if we could have said any thing by which the good old man's pardonable vanity could possibly have been mortified or pained.

The present publication, however, the world certainly might very well have done without; having had, in truth, quite as much of Mr. Cradock as it would well be supposed to care for. Of the two volumes of which it consists, three-fourths, at least, are certainly fit for the use of nobody but the pastry-cook or the trunk-maker; that portion, we mean, which contains merely a new edition of Mr. Cradock's more ancient Literary performances. We have not read, we confess, the *Translations and the Sermons*; but the two *Novels* and the *Tragedy* demonstrate sufficiently, we can testify, that the author's genius for original composition, on profane subjects at least, was not particularly transcendent. It would be no very difficult matter, indeed, we think, to speak such effusions off-hand—provided a man could continue to preserve the requisite dead level of mediocrity during so long an attempt. To compose any one of the pieces in question, at all events, must have been nearly as dull a task as it would be to transcribe it. The very utmost that can be said of the best of them—if one can be properly described as better or worse than another—is, that both the moral and the grammar are tolerably correct, and that it contains nothing, in other respects, either to offend or to please. Such very innocent productions are really not at all calculated for this wicked world of ours; and by far the best fate that can befall them, is the oblivion of a quiet and an early grave.

We turn then at once to the Memoirs and the Correspondence. In the last mentioned department, by the by, we cannot help remarking, that Mr. Nichols's editorial industry shows itself particularly conspicuous. He has, indeed, rummaged the literary repositories of his deceased friend with a diligence that would have done honour to a custom-house officer in search of contraband commodities; and has thereby, we believe, got together as bulky an accumulation of epistolary rubbish as has ever before been formed from the collections of any single individual. All the notes of invitation or compliment which Mr. Cradock had received for the last half century of his existence, and which his zealous executor has been, by any means, able to recover, seem here, indeed, to be printed at length; and we have only, we suppose, to thank the wasting tooth of time that we are not presented with a still more goodly sample. The most amusing thing of all, however, is the composure with which Mr. Nichols, in conformity with his plan, lays before the public no small number of letters written to his friend within the last two years, by persons still alive; few of whom dreamt, we dare say, while penning their careless and good-natured tributes of congratulation to their aged acquaintance on the publication of his book, that they and their polite testimonials were so soon to be exhibited to the world at large in radiant typography, or that that, in truth, should be ever given to the press at all, which was meant only for the post. It is really hardly fair in Mr. Nichols thus to convert, clandestinely, into authors and authoresses so many respectable persons, most of whom, in all likelihood, never contemplated putting themselves forward in any such formidable character.

The anecdotes in these Memoirs are, we regret

to say, almost always wretchedly ill told; so much so at times, indeed, as to be nearly unintelligible. We shall select from the mass, however, a few of those that appear to us most interesting or amusing.

Lord Sandwich.

'Lord Sandwich, when dressed, had a dignified appearance, but to see him in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" the other replied that he thought he was mistaken. "Nay," says the gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself: "When I was at Paris I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. "Then," said the man, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

Bishop Warburton.

'The public had much to say against Mrs. Warburton; but after the Bishop's death she appeared to me to delight always in speaking in his praise. Amidst other particulars, Mrs. Warburton told me that in her giddy days, she was always apt to be playful and intrusive; and when a young gentleman called one morning at Prior Park, concerning his going into orders, as the Bishop had walked out, she desired the young man to come in and take some breakfast, and after some general conversation, said to him: "Perhaps you know the Bishop?" "No, madam, I never had the honour of seeing him." "No," says she, "I am sorry for that, for you will be terrified at his very countenance. As to me, you will see that I am frightened to death at the very look of him; but here he is, coming up the lawn; perhaps you will meet him, and tell him your business, and then return to your tea." The gentleman took his hat; but the Bishop came into the breakfast parlour without him. Mrs. Warburton, rather struck by his absence, rang the bell, and inquired. The servant replied: "Madam, the young gentleman took his horse, and rode away directly." "I was then seriously alarmed, and ordered a person to follow him and bring him back, and I introduced him to his Lordship as a particular friend of my own. I found the joke proved highly advantageous; for, after he was in orders, she found him a respectable man, and from the Bishop she procured a living for him.'

A Day at Hampton.

'One summer, whilst in power, Lord Sandwich resided in Lord Chesterfield's house at Blackheath (the house afterwards occupied by the Princess of Wales); and another summer, at Lord Halifax's, on Hampton Green. This was very convenient, as his Majesty then frequently slept at Kew. I will add some little account of a very pleasant day that I passed at Hampton. Sir Edward Hughes arrived, and brought one of the finest turtles ever seen, from the island of Ascension; and his own cook was ready to dress it in the plain manner in which it is generally served abroad. The weather was excessively hot, and Lord Sandwich was under the necessity of soon leaving, so that a fit party was not readily collected; however, invitations were sent to me in the neighbourhood. Lord Sandwich said to me: "You are intimate with Mr. Garrick: I have never met him above once in company; could you, without impropriety, inform him of particulars, apologizing to him for the short notice, for it must be dressed to-morrow, as Sir Edward Hughes is in haste."

'I wrote immediately to Mr. Garrick all the circumstances, and despatched my servant early in the morning. Garrick was in his scratch-wig, his old hat, and loose great coat, examining the wheels of his own coach: my servant, conceiving that he addressed the coachman, asked when Mr. Garrick could be spoken to. "Now," says he, "give me the note;" and opening it, ordered him to stop, and he would answer it. On the servant's return, he told me he was quite miserable about the mistake he had made, and added: "Sir, Mr. Garrick comes to dinner; and I hope you will excuse my attending in the parlour, for I could not wait if my life was at stake." "Oh!" said I, "it cannot be helped now, and I will apologize for you to Mr. Garrick." As soon as I saw Garrick I told him how miserable the man was, "Oh!" replied Garrick, with great good humour, "tell him, that my coachman is a much better-looking fellow than I am, and by the mistake he has paid me a compliment."

'The party met the next day rather numerously.

This was the first time Garrick had seen Miss Ray, and he was much pleased with her behaviour and attention. The evening was beyond measure pleasant, though the company was miscellaneous.

After coffee Lord Sandwich spoke of old Onslow the Speaker, when Garrick said: "I remember in the early part of my life being introduced to him, and I was invited to his house; my friend told the Speaker, that as he did not attend theatres he wished the young actor to give him a specimen of his performance; 'might he recite the soliloquy when Macbeth sees the air-drawn dagger?' The Speaker bowed assent; but having no taste for plays, the character of Macbeth or Macbeth was, I believe, alike indifferent to him. I prepared; but during the awful pause, the Speaker not being in the least apprised of what was intended, turned to a gentleman who sat next him, and said: 'Pray, Sir, was you at the turnpike meeting at Epsom on Thursday last?' Lord Sandwich laughed heartily, exclaiming, 'My dear Sir, you have hit the old Speaker exactly.' I never saw Garrick more entertaining than he was that evening; and Lord Sandwich and he were ever afterwards acquainted."

Proof Sheets.

"I particularly recollect, that when Goldsmith was near completing his 'Natural History,' he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, 'Do you know any thing about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply: 'do you?' 'Not I,' says he, 'scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Sometime after the work appeared, we compared notes, but could not either of us recognize our own share."

Dr. Johnson's opinion on Clubs.

"A gentleman venturing to say to Johnson, 'Sir, I wonder sometimes that you condescend so far as to attend a city club.' 'Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant club, is perhaps the throne of human felicity,' and he might have added, 'I collected in early life many anecdotes and characters from such clubs, with which I embellished my 'Rambles' and 'Idlers.'"

Merry Andrew.

"I was not fortunate in obtaining the return of some papers I had procured for Johnson in regard to Gray and others, and particularly a French Translation of the Merchant of Venice. Something had been said before him about a note of Mason's, relative to the mistake of a translator, and the explanation of the word bowling-green, when I entertained him with a more laughable instance of a mistake in regard to the passage of the return of 'my ship Andrew,' ('*mon Andrew*,') in the Merchant of Venice. 'This,' says the translator, 'is in England a very merry fellow, who plays tricks at a celebrated annual fair, held there, and frequently, by his buffooneries, brings home to his employers very extensive gains.'"

Controversy with Gibbon.

"About the time that every knight-errant was inclined to break a spear on the Gibbonian shield, Sir T. A—e was advised to enter the lists, and he informed me that he should engage in a controversy with Gibbon. 'With Gibbon, Sir, about what, his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters?' 'No, about his pump.' At that time he was next door neighbour to Mr. Gibbon in Bentinck street, and there was a pump common to both premises, and some wits had furnished Sir Thomas with a learned dissertation on the subject. When he first wrote to Gibbon, the great historian sent for a workman, but he could find nothing that was amiss with the pump; but the first letter not obtaining an answer, Sir Thomas followed it up with a learned 'Dissertation on the Origin of Pumps,' and favoured me with the sight of some copy, which he said, 'if he could obtain no full answer he should publish, and he was assured that it would sell.' I told him, 'I did not doubt it;' but being intimate with his lady's family, I earnestly entreated him to desist. He, however, pursued the persecution, till Gibbon became much annoyed. Some time after, I asked Sir Thomas what became of his controversy. 'Oh!' says he, 'Gibbon never dared to write an answer; he gave in, and only at last sent a message to desire 'that I would take the pump altogether, and do what I pleased with it.' The Essay on the Pump was not ill drawn up either as to elegant style or historical information, whoever had been the writer of it."

FRANKLIN'S STATE OF HAYTI.

The Present State of Hayti, with Remarks on its Agriculture, Commerce, Laws, Religion, Finances, Population, &c. By JAMES FRANKLIN. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 412. Murray. London, 1828.

In our former notice of this Work, we concluded with stating, that on the faith of a treaty of peace concluded with General Leclerc, Touissant was living in perfect repose—when he was treacherously seized by a body of French soldiers, and taken off to perish in a dungeon in France.

This abominable violation of the rights of nations was soon avenged. Dessalines, raised to the command of the Haytian army, drove the French forces from St. Domingo, but stained his victories by horrid massacres. He assumed the title of Emperor, and having become the object of general detestation, was killed by one of his soldiers.

Although Dessalines, impressed at last by a sense of his own enormities, endeavoured to make some atonement for them, yet the people, who had so often experienced the severity of his mandates, and dreaded a recurrence of similar measures, secretly detested him as a savage and a tyrant, under whom it was not possible to expect happiness or repose; and any indication of mildness and humanity was only considered the forerunner of some atrocious crime which he meditated. Worn out by his suspicions and jealousies, deprived of friends and connections who were often snatched from them, and hurried to an immediate execution, without even the semblance of judicial proceedings having been instituted against them, the people at last determined to dethrone him, and aided by his troops, who could no longer submit to his caprices and his tyranny, they conspired against him, and in the vicinity of Port au Prince, and at no great distance from the north gate of the city, he was killed by one of his own soldiers, on the 17th of October, 1806.

The individual who shot him was a mulatto youth, whom I have seen, and who at the time of the tyrant's death did not exceed fifteen years of age. He was attached to the militia, and was in ambush at the time of Dessalines' advance at the head of his staff, accompanied by some soldiers. The moment they saw their master fall, some of them attempted to revenge his death, but they met a similar fate: others rejoiced at an event which appeared to them merely in the light of just retribution for crimes of unparalleled inhumanity and atrocity.

After the death of Dessalines, the island had two governments. Christophe, with the title of King, ruled the northern part; and Petion, under the name of President, governed the south. At first they made war on one another, but, in the sequel, occupied themselves in the improvement of the portion of the country which each of them had received as his share. Under the despotic rule of Christophe, agriculture made immense progress; whilst under the truly paternal administration of Petion, no great improvement manifested itself. From these circumstances, Mr. Franklin draws conclusions, which we cannot admit, and which we feel unwilling to repeat after him. We prefer, to his gratuitous inferences, those terrible lessons, which issue as it were from the tomb, to teach governments how the reigns of good and bad princes generally terminate:

Petion was undoubtedly a good man, and greatly beloved by his people, who valued him for his mild and inoffensive manners, and for the courtly and unassuming conduct which he always manifested to every one who approached him. The day on which he died the people assembled in the square opposite to the government-house, waiting with the most painful anxiety to learn if all hopes of his recovery had vanished, and towards twelve o'clock at night, when the gun fired to announce that he was no more, the cries and moans of all classes were heard through the different streets as they were verging towards the square.

The system pursued by Christophe had become too despotic for the people; exceeding the bounds of prudence, his ambition had no limits, and his tyranny and oppression became at last so insupportable that neither the people nor his troops would any longer submit to his power and caprice. A revolution ensued, which began with the revolt of the garrison of St. Marc, the commandant of which sent a courier to Boyer to inform

him of the event, and of the wish of the people to place themselves under his government. Shortly after, the city of Cape Haytian followed the example, and the troops were preparing to march against Christophe who was confined by sickness at Sans Souci. His guards now revolted, and finding all chance of escape impossible, he shot himself with a pistol in his own chamber. His sons were killed by the troops, as well as several of his officers of state, who were obnoxious to the people and the soldiers. His eldest son, it was said, exhibited the most abject submission, and begged them to save his life; whilst his youngest defended himself with great heroism, killing several of the soldiers, but was at last cut down and shockingly mangled.

Under Boyer, whom Petion, on his death-bed, named for his successor, and whose territory Christophe was preparing to invade at the moment of his own assassination, the island of St. Domingo had no longer more than a single Government, administered by republican laws. Mr. Franklin throws much new light on this portion of the history of Hayti: he exposes, in a manner more complete than had before been done, the imperative reasons which obliged the President to subscribe to the last treaty concluded with France; but he does not justify the timid conduct adopted by Boyer on this occasion, a conduct disapproved by the people, and which, it appears to us, no danger could authorize. After a defeat, a state may rise again, but a stain of opprobrium is not to be effaced; and it is pusillanimous and dishonourable to pay the price of gold for the liberty which might be preserved by arms.

Mr. Franklin draws the following portrait of the President Boyer. If he sins, it is certainly not on the side of flattery.

Jean Pierre Boyer, who succeeded the late president, Petion, and who consequently became chief of the countries of his predecessor and of Christophe united, is a native of Port au Prince, and is about forty-eight or fifty years of age. He is a mulatto, but somewhat darker than the people of that class. His father, a man of good repute, and possessed of some wealth, was a store-keeper and a tailor in that city. His mother was a negress of the Congo country in Africa, and had been a slave in the neighbourhood. He joined the cause of the Commissioners Santhonax and Polverel, with whom he retired, after the arrival of the English, to Jacmel, when he joined General Rigaud, whom he accompanied to France, after the submission of the south to the authority of Toussaint. On his voyage thither he was captured by the Americans, during the short dispute between France and the United States, and after the adjustment of the differences between those two powers, he was released. Having resided in France some time, he, with many other persons of colour, attached himself to the expedition of Le Clerc, and accompanied that armament for the subjugation of the colony: but on the death of that general, he joined Petion, who successively appointed him to be his aid-de-camp, private secretary, chief of his staff, general of the arrondissement of Port au Prince, and finally named him for his successor in the presidential chair.

Boyer is below the middle size, and very slender; his visage is far from being pleasing, but he has a quick eye, and makes a good use of it, for it is incessantly in motion. His constitution is weak, and he is afflicted with a local disease, which compels him to be exceedingly abstemious. He is fond of parade and exterior ornaments, as is the custom of the country, but he does not display his propensities for them, except in compelling those of his staff and household to appear in all their embellishments. He is but little seen among his people, except on a Sunday, when he appears at the head of his troops, and after reviewing them he rides through the city, attended by a cortège of officers and guards. He is exceedingly vain of his person, and imagines that it is attractive and captivating, and that his manners are irresistible.

The history of the Revolution of Hayti, which we have here rapidly sketched, occupies two-thirds of the work of Mr. Franklin. This is followed by statistical details of the present state of the island, and by speculations, far from uninteresting, on the improvements of which it is susceptible. Our space will not admit of our entering on the examination of this portion of the work before us; we refer our readers to the volume itself. As to that part of it which treats of the history of Hayti,

few facts of a novel character are to be found in it. The first chapters are somewhat obscure; and throughout the work, the author betrays a partiality for the cause of the whites, in preference to that of the blacks. He is a great advocate for measures of coercion, as excitements to labour. He betrays a few of those national prejudices formerly so general against every thing bearing the name of French; and, lastly, he is one of those men who cannot reconcile themselves to perceive in the blacks an aptitude for any thing great. In this respect, M. Pamphile de Lacroix, who resided a considerable time at St. Domingo, is of a different opinion from our author; for he says, in plain terms: 'With respect to firmness and dignity in the use of power, the chiefs of colour, like the men of the Eastern regions, show themselves superior to the common class of Europeans. None of our artisans or labourers, passing suddenly from his own condition to an exalted rank, could acquire, so quickly and so perfectly as the men of Hayti, the outward habits of the exercise of power.' On this point, we would prefer thinking with General Lacroix, whose political character we cannot otherwise esteem, than with Mr. Franklin, whose pages, although abounding in prejudices, more especially in the second volume, appear to us, in general, to be dictated by creditable feelings, and a desire to be just.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

In a former notice of the 'Posthumous Papers, of a person about Town,' after giving a general analysis of the Work, and adducing examples of its gay and agreeable humour, in several of the lighter pieces of the volume, we adverted to *one* Tale, contained in its pages, which struck us as of extraordinary interest, pathos, and beauty, and stated our intention to give it, if possible, at length: Other claims upon our space have not permitted us to fulfil this intention; but, supplying the place of the portions we have omitted, by links sufficient to connect the main incidents of the story and make the whole intelligible, we now present it to the reader, in the persuasion that his sympathies cannot fail to be powerfully excited in the progress of the narrative, as well as by its touching and even tragical termination.

'A Story of the Olden Time in Italy.'

"I am the daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name,—for they should rest undisgraced in their tombs,—who left me sole heir of a large estate in the most fertile fields of Italy. I had fair and stately halls, vassals for service in court or field, ladies for attendance, and every other thing needful or unneedful with which human pride can be pampered, and honour or honour desire or deserve. Mistress of these enviable possessions, I had many princely suitors, who met with such honourable entertainment as their many pleasant qualities merited. But there was one never seen among those flattering suitors, who was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine; and might have had that woman's toy as a gift which he was either too humble or too proud to ask.

"This was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the owner of a poor estate, touching upon the wider skirts of mine. He was of an ancient race of poets, painters, sculptors, legislators, and members of all the intellect of Italy—that proud land, where the hand of humble genius is of more nobility than the entire body of merely honourable birth. But he of whom I write is now cold in a grave only vaster than his great capacity, the earth-embracing sea; and could these miserable and shameful tears, which fall at the recollection of the wrong which I have done him, out-water that sea, they would not enough mourn him who is the drowned hope and pride of my dear father-land; vainly, therefore, do I weep a sin which tears may never wash away, nor my life or death atone for to heaven and my country."

An eloquent and impassioned description of Guido follows this:

"From some inquiries which I had made among his domestics, I learnt that his heart (which I had thought possible to be mine) was irrevocably given to the fair Bianca, daughter of Baptista Buonaventi, an old mer-

chant of Florence; and that, in a few days, he was to set out for Syracuse to claim her hand, in fulfilment of a solemn compact, made when passing his novitiate in that city. This intelligence came like death upon my heart; and, for many days, I held myself averse from the gay company and the old courtesies of my house. My noble friends saw my spirit to be sick, and strove to come at its disease; but I had already formed my resolution, rather than confess my weakness, to die of an undiscovered grief, and, since my malady was hopeless, that it should be also voiceless. I preserved that strict silence which is alone the security of secrecy. But, nevertheless, I wept my sorrows in the loneliness and darkness of the sleepless night; and this I did, till the paleness of my cheek was now so constant, instead of its wonted ruddiness, that it was scarcely noticed, either by the pitying kindly, or the prying curious."

Guido leaves his house for Florence; and the Italian lady, unable to support his absence, follows him in secret, and becomes introduced to Guido's intended bride:

"Bianca Buonaventi was indeed a woman worthy of a sculptor's love; for all those beauties which Art has imitated from Nature were mingled in her. In her form were blended all that I had till then thought the idealities of Grecian grace and Roman majesty; in motion, she was stately as the swan; and swam the air, rather than walked the earth. Her step was an inaudible music; her voice sweeter than the recollected music of a dream. Her mind was a book of pure and wise thoughts, written surely by some hand divine. Her countenance such as angels wear—and they were made fair that man might love Heaven, where all his beautiful. Love shone in her eyes, but with so holy and placid a fire,—two sister stars burning in the winter heaven beam not a chaster light: wherever they turned, all eyes were illuminated, and whatever she looked upon reflected back the beauty she turned upon it. Indeed, in all those fair and admirable qualities which make woman worthy of that paragon of earthly creatures—man,—she was perfection. That Guido should love the gentle girl was no longer wonderful; for I even loved him the more that he did love her, so endearing a power hath beauty in its purity."

They were to be married on the morrow; and the Italian lady, subduing her passion to a sister's love, attended the solemn ceremony, and agreed to accompany them from Florence to the seacoast, where they all took shipping for Syracuse, the residence of Bianca's family, and are overtaken by a storm:

"The frail vessel, which had lain on the waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if its ribs were severing. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth into the sea of space—when, rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell with a crushing noise into the bed of the sea. At length, all the fury of the tempest seemed gathered, and again the lightning glanced along the deck, and mingled with the washing waves; so that it was not easy to say whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning water, for they appeared one. The crazy vessel now dipped down, and now heaved to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command, seeing that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below; but not one of all the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship,—for all saw the worst, and none thought it possible to escape from it. Bianca clung, in silent horror, to her husband, who strove to comfort her, and bled her take heart. The old man covered his grey head with the foldings of his cloak; and, as he sat motionless and wordless, seemed the very resignation of despair."

The storm increasing, the vessel was driven on the rocks; but again floated off, without sinking. The tragedy now thickens:

"It was true that she had endured but little hurt, and, with the recoiling rush of the waves, was thrown afloat again; but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her farther out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as it would part the poles, and again flung her, as if she were no mightier than a sea-shell, upon the sharp rocks. She broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern half of her huge bulk tumbling over into the sea, while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. Then the shriek of dismay and death went up from men that were never more to call on Heaven; for the many of the crew were crowded about the helm; and, when it parted, went down with

her, never again to rise with life. The venerable Baptista, Guido, his fair wife, and my wretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessel down from the reef into the gaping abyssal depth it had left in the sea. Again the fragment mounted to the surface-sea, and we had all held to each other and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Bianca, who had sunk out of the grasp of her husband, but being entangled in the coil of the ropes, was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar towards us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing, with the calmness of courage, that, if we awaited it, our escape was hopeless, cried out, "Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of thy daughter, and let us at once leap beyond the reef into the sea, and struggle for the land."

"And now shrink not as from the serpent-fiend, to hear me tell the story of that crime which has cursed me here, and may hereafter. After these words, he again cried out, "Bianca, my beloved, where art thou?" The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, even in this awful hour burnt sensibly in my hateful heart; and, prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some fiend answered surely with my tongue, "Here!"—and he caught at me as a desperate drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaping into the sea, cried to the old man, "Follow me, father, follow me!" But he heard him not; for I saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who, as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and audibly informed me that she still lived, though my struggling soul would fain have quieted its conscience with the thought that she was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to Guido and to Heaven, its damnable deceit. Guido heard not her cry, or if he did, took it, in the stunning turbulence of the tempest's roar, for mine. For a long time he buffeted the waves with a giant's strength, and a courage that could not be weakened; and still as he beat the waves aside, or breasted them like a living rock, he cried, "Be of good cheer, my Bianca, I shall save thee yet!" And when I heard him call on her name, my heart smote so fearfully within me, that, though I was sure of death if I had disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreadful truth; but my love of life, and cruel love of him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of the lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the waters, made me voiceless and strengthless, and I lay almost lifeless in his clasping arm, as he, struck through the waves with the other. He looked on me again, but the waters had washed my long hair over my face, so that he knew me not; and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat his burdened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely with death, when, just as his strength was spent, and he had bade me commit my soul to Heaven, he descried lights not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land. This nerved him anew, and he plied his way lustily, till at length we touched the rocky shore, where, summoning a desperate man's might, he clambered up the low, craggy cliffs, and, feeling the firm earth under him, dropped to the ground, from utter exhaustion. For some time I knew not what occurred, for safety then seemed more dreadful to me than the dangers I had passed through, and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido endeavouring to bring life back, by cherishing me in his bosom. And ever and anon he would call for help, as strongly as he might, to the distant fishermen's cottages, where he had first discerned the light which led him to the shore.

"At length we descried a light approaching the spot where we lay, still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the comers; and, after some time, guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it neared us, I shrank from it like a fowl and guilty thing, that loves darkness rather than day, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face, as the light fell on it, when, uttering a dreadful shriek of dismay and despair, he dropped me from his arms, and, starting from the ground, like one made instantly mad by some sudden stroke upon the brain, he rushed, staggering and strengthless, but wildly, to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him from again leaping into the sea; but I dared not speak to him, save by feeble, inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which withered me, and, shaking me like a serpent to the earth, with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into the sea. I beheld him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white

burden on the waters, and again turn for the shore; but suddenly his right arm ceased to strike out; and though I kept my breaking eyes fixed on the same spot, when the next lightning flashed, I saw that he had sunk; when, crying to God in my despair, I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me."

LORD BYRON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy. By LEIGH HUNT. 1 vol. 4to., pp. 513. London, 1828. Coulburn.

"It is for slaves to lie, and for freemen to speak truth." *Montaigne.*

MR. HUNT has done a bold deed by publishing this work. We are not ourselves quite clear that he was right; but, as he is doubtless well aware, he has at all events laid himself open to unmeasured misrepresentation by the literary ruffians from whom he has already suffered so much. The portion of the book which stands at the beginning, and which is alone particularly mentioned in the title-page, refers exclusively to Lord Byron. Mr. Hunt says, and we firmly believe him, that he has withheld much which might have been told; but he has also told much which many will think, or say, that he ought to have withheld. He has presented us with a totally different view of Lord Byron's character from any that has previously appeared in print, and this not only in general propositions, but by innumerable detailed anecdotes, which it seems to us quite impossible not to believe, and from which it is equally impossible not to draw very similar inferences to those which have occurred to Mr. Hunt.

Mr. Hunt is a politician who has been fighting all his life against established and influential abuses, and is therefore noted by all whom interest or fashion has bound to the chariot-wheels of power. He is notorious as an opponent of a vast number of institutions and dogmas which, though in truth, by no means Christianity, or even a part of Christianity, are very commonly identified with it; he has consequently been long laden with the curses of those who are determined to believe that religion is exactly coincident with their own sects and monopolies. He is also celebrated, and very deservedly so, as a poet, who despises the modern and merely conventional rules of polite literature, which are all that many writers have to depend upon for their fame, and many readers for their faith in the excellence of long-loved idols. There are hosts of persons who, moved by these reasons, and some who, for no reason at all, will be eager to pounce upon Mr. Hunt's account of Lord Byron, and to pour upon him, in every imaginable variety of outrage, the accusations of treachery and ingratitude.

That this will be done we are tolerably certain; but we are also pretty sure that it can only be done by a large stretch of injustice. Mr. Hunt does not appear before the world to give them an account of events and connections of which they had previously no idea. We have all heard quite enough of Lord Byron's munificence in receiving into his house this distinguished gentleman and his family, to make it a prominent portion of our general idea of his Lordship's character; and after the many statements and insinuations, loud, long, and bitterly injurious to Mr. Hunt, which have been founded upon the universal knowledge of this transaction, it seems to us neither very wonderful nor very blameable, that he should at last come forward himself, and make public his own defence. It is evident, from the whole tone of the book, that Mr. Hunt has not stated in it a word which he does not believe. We give the most implicit credit to all his assertions, even on the particular subject which it must be so painful to him to think about, and which it is certainly by no means pleasant to read of. But we confess that we have a good deal of doubt whether Mr. Hunt has judged rightly as to the wisdom of speaking about Lord Byron in the tone which he has assumed, considering the importance attached by

the world to the kind of favours received by our author from the aristocratic poet. We do not question for a moment, that Lord Byron's kindnesses or ostentations were done after a fashion, which very much tended to merge the sense of obligation in a feeling of insulted self-respect. We are sure, from all we have ever read or heard of Mr. Hunt, that he is really accustomed to consider his own money as of much less consequence than money is commonly held to deserve; and that no man would think less of the inconvenience of giving away any portion of his worldly goods by which he could benefit a friend. But he would do well to remember that men will judge him by their rules, and not by his; and that it is mere folly to afford new weapons against an honourable reputation to those who have uniformly made so malignant a use of previous opportunities.

Having dismissed what was to us by far the most unpleasant part of the task before us, we will proceed to give our readers, in a few words, as clear a notion as we can convey of the contents of Mr. Hunt's volume. The first division of it, which relates to Lord Byron, presents, as we before said, a very different picture from any that we have previously seen in print. It also gives, we think, an idea of the poet very dissimilar from any commonly current in society. The greater number of the readers of Byron seem to consider him as indeed a little capricious and misanthropic, yet, on the whole, a very agreeable, romantic, and magnanimous personage. The greater number of instructed persons who do not read his works, either abstain because they do not care for poetry, and have no notion at all about the author, or abhor at once his character and writings, and hold him to have been one of the most deluding incarnations of Satan that have been seen between St. James's-street and the Alps in this our day. We will venture to say, however, that those who, knowing nothing of his Lordship but his writings, yet have studied these with attention and good sense, have come to conclusions very similar to those which are expounded and enforced by Mr. Hunt, and which hold a middle place between the two contrasted opinions just alluded to. His poems, with all their power, exhibit indubitable signs of selfishness, waywardness, and affectation. Among the states of feeling which he describes with so much intensity, we doubt whether any great proportion were really painted from his own feelings. He seems to us to have generally considered what kind of effect he wished to produce upon his readers, and then to have calculated what kind of sentiment would be most likely to produce the desired result. He has seldom, if ever, poured out a strain of mingled thought and feeling, gushing free and fresh from the depths of his spirit; and when he has done something like this, it is merely a flood of selfish bitterness, coloured with a pretence of sympathy and enthusiasm.

That he was a poet of great talent, we have of course no notion of denying. But we think that the peculiar characteristics of his writings were calculated to procure him a profound and extensive popularity, independent of the essential attributes of genius. He was obviously much injured by early applause, by the precocious debauchery of the fashionable world, and by the coronet which was perpetually peeping through the laurels wherewith he attempted to conceal it.

All that we read of him in the work before us, tends to confirm a view of his character formed long previous to its publication. The intensity of selfishness displays itself through almost every thing he does, and even through much of what he says; with here and there an occasional gleam of wiser thought and loftier feeling, the faint relics of that splendid appanage of greatness which originally belongs to the spirit of the poet. On the whole, however, we believe, that there is not one living English poet, of whatever school of literature, or party in politics, who would be guilty of the meannesses—there is no other word—which

Mr. Hunt in public, and with his name to the assertion, lays to the charge of Lord Byron. What will our readers think, when we tell them, that this high-minded nobleman, and distinguished poet, speaking of a loan to the Greeks of 6000*l.*, which was at first represented as a gift of 10,000*l.*, said that he did not think he should 'get off under 4000*l.*' Again, he brought Mr. Hunt, a man in narrow circumstances, and with a large family, from England to Italy, in order that he might superintend a magazine from which his Lordship expected to derive large profits; and when his friend was in this situation, and in want of the money which Lord Byron had freely and repeatedly offered him, he would send him to his steward to receive the paltry sums, which amounted altogether, if we remember, to but 70*l.* When we think of these things, and of 'Don Juan,' we can scarcely, alas! refrain from believing that the irritation at his personal defect of lameness, the wretched education of a capricious mother, and a large public school, the bad habits of his youth, and throughout his life, the cankering self-importance of aristocracy, succeeded in almost utterly depraving a nature originally magnificent, and stored with the germs of every thing beautiful and good.

The greater part of the long chapter (150 pages) on Lord Byron, is filled with criticisms, reflections, and anecdotes, which are very often really instructive, and always amusing. We can give no idea of these by a single extract, and we have not now room for more; and we fear but a very imperfect one by any thing we can say of them. They show, we think, a certain springiness and freshness of nature, which, in this age of machines and mechanical spirits, is exceedingly delightful. There is, in spite of the evident irritation of Mr. Hunt's feelings, which he himself also is quite conscious of, a cheerful kindness of nature, and an admirable, we had almost said, a sublime, confidence in the native powers and excellence of man, which is likely, we think, to be of eminent service to his readers. But the great value of this portion of the work undoubtedly is, that it gives us a far clearer and more consistent view of the character of the singular man and celebrated writer of whom it treats, than any other book that has hitherto appeared. We see him in these pages living and moving before us, not merely with his wings and scars, with the power and desperation, of his poetry, but with the circumstances and attributes of ordinary humanity. And it is now, indeed, time that we should begin to judge him calmly and fairly; for the renown, and the all but disgrace which alike filled the air as with an immeasurable cloud, have shrunk, as did the gigantic genius of the Arabian Tale, into a narrow urn. It is not more than his errors deserve to say, that they were the rank produce of a noble soil, the weeds which grow among Asphodel and Amaranth, on the summit of Olympus, and around the footsteps of the glorified immortals. It is good for us that books exist which display the union of poetic ability with a scorn and a selfishness of which literature scarce afforded us any previous example; for the works of Byron may be a warning to every mind, the mightiest or the meanest, that there are failings and vices which will even break the sceptre and scatter to the winds the omnipotence of genius; and there has been at least one great writer whose union of the intensest passion with a triumphant contempt for virtue, reminds us of that strange tempest which poured forth over Egypt a flood of mingled ice and fire.

We shall return to this subject next week.

BEAUMONT'S BUENOS AYRES.

Travels in Buenos Ayres, and the adjacent Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. By J. A. B. BEAUMONT, Esq., pp. 270, 8vo. London, 1828. Ridgway.

THIS is an interesting, and at the present moment, an important volume, for the production of which the public have reason to thank Mr. Beaumont. Although the Joint-Stock Company bubble has burst,—the rage, and we are sorry to add, the

necessity for emigrating continues; and it is well the people should be aware what difficulties are likely to be opposed to advantageous settlement in quarters otherwise desirable.

A late author, when speaking of the French Revolution, observed, that 'had it been in every respect prosperous, then misrule and superstition would lose half their claims to our abhorrence; as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into the soul.' This remark is singularly illustrated by the present condition of the South American provinces, where anarchy and misrule, public breach of faith and individual duplicity, have succeeded the exterminating struggle between the newly emancipated states and their old oppressors. The former state of slavery which bound these fine countries in ignorance and degradation, tended to paralyse as well as to deprave the inhabitants, and hence indolence and ferocity were alike generated. Mr. Beaumont says:

'Though the soil and the climate of Buenos Ayres are both so favourable to agriculture, the natives have hitherto preferred purchasing all the vegetable productions they can from foreign countries, at high prices, to exerting themselves, in order to raise them on their own soil. The vine is altogether neglected; and, with the exception of such wine as is produced in Mendoza, and also in small quantities in Rioja and San Juan, Buenos Ayres is supplied from Europe with this luxury; and yet vines, if planted near Buenos Ayres, would yield most abundantly. I have eaten muscadelle grapes, grown by a native within two miles of the city, which were an inch and a half long, and equal in flavour to the best I ever tasted in Spain or France.'

His description of the desolation of the land is quite melancholy:

'We had now traversed the best part of the Banda Oriental; every step we took was in the midst of the richest pasturage. Twenty years since, millions of oxen and horses covered the face of this country; but so desolate has it become, that in our whole march we saw but two small herds of mares, and none of horned cattle. The buildings of various *estancias*, each of which formerly boasted of its hundred thousand head of cattle, were now forlorn and deserted, and falling to decay, or inhabited only by a few idle *peons*. These were some of the effects of the war and insecurity of property which have afflicted this fine province.'

Captain Head and Mr. Miers have already, by their entertaining books, demonstrated the fallacy of mining speculations in these newly opened Republics; and Mr. Beaumont proves, beyond a doubt, that the prospect is not at all better for agricultural experimentalists. Every description of subterfuge, of empty boast, of petty insolence, seems to have been exhausted upon the unfortunate persons who were rash enough to place confidence in the promises of the Buenos Ayres authorities. But the veil is now completely withdrawn; and those who, under existing circumstances, are imprudent enough to risk either purse or person on similar expeditions, may be fairly said to 'tempt their fate.'

The author, (a son of Mr. Barber Beaumont, who had been persuaded to superintend the emigration to Buenos Ayres,) was leader of the colonists who embarked from Great Britain in 1825, and the greater part of whom luckily returned immediately, having been prevented from landing by the blockade of the Brazilian squadron. Finding that all manner of obstruction was opposed to the fair fulfilment of the Spanish-American engagements, Mr. Beaumont sought an interview with the President, between whom and his father's family the most familiar intercourse had taken place when that individual was in London. The account of this interview is extremely amusing:

'The silvery tinkling of a little bell in the adjoining room arrested my attention, when, lo! the door opened with solemn slowness, and discovered the President of the Argentine Republic, gravely advancing, and with an air so dignified, that it was almost overpowering. The student, in the "Devil on Two Sticks," could not have been more surprised at the breaking of the phial,

than I was at what I saw. Every little particular relating to a great man is generally interesting to the public; it may, therefore, not be impertinent to give a short description of his Excellency's person and appearance. Don Bernardino Rivadavia seems to be between forty and fifty years of age, about five feet in height, and much about that measure in circumference; his countenance is dark, but not unpleasant; it denotes acuteness, and, with his features, appears to belong to the *arabesque* race which formerly sojourned at Jerusalem; his coat is green, buttoned *à la Napoleon*; his small clothes, if such they can be called, are fastened at the knee with silver buckles, and the short remainder of his person is clad in silk hose, dress shoes, and silver buckles; his whole appearance is not very unlike the caricature portraits of Napoleon: indeed, it is said he is very fond of imitating that once great personage in such things as are within his reach, such as the cut or colour of a coat, or the inflation of an address. His Excellency slowly advanced towards me, with his hands clenched behind him; whether this, too, was done in imitation of the great well-known, or to gain something of a counterpoise to the weight and bulk which he bore before him, or to guard his hand from the unhallowed touch of familiarity, it might be equally difficult and immaterial to determine; but his Excellency slowly advanced, and with a formal patronizing air, at once made known to me that Mr. Rivadavia in London, and Don Bernardino Rivadavia, President of the Argentine Republic, were not to be considered as one and the same person.'

Mr. Beaumont's work affords a good deal of interesting description, both of the country, its animal and vegetable productions, and the manners of its population. He is most happy when writing in a simple and unaffected style: but somebody seems to have impressed this shrewd, and otherwise judicious traveller, with the necessity of being *humorous*,—which the gods have not made him. His attempts in this way detract much from the charm of the narrative, which, in all other respects, is at once concise, manly, and to the purpose.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 2, 1828.

'Tis past! how fleet has yesterday,
Like hues of fancy, flown away,
And yet, what hour could fly
Through scenes of life, all fresh and fair,
To live like bursts of fragrance there,
And then, like music die?

Its birth was blissful, for it brought
Full many a proud and pleasing thought
To mix with playful life,
That in the young confiding breast
Call'd up creations bright and bless'd,
Unknown to passion's strife.

For mem'ry, like the op'ning rose
That o'er its home enchantment throws,
Was there to watch and warm
The views of taste—the tales of truth,
The vows of love—the hopes of youth,
And friendship's every charm.

Though mem'ry told how from the soul
The hand of time too quickly stole
Some lovely charm away;
Yet still a thrilling pride it felt,
To find that there another dwelt
Like sunshine's orient ray.

Oh, yesterday was form'd to cheer
The gloom of thought—the shades of fear!
And in the chain of time,
It seem'd a link of golden light,
Our hearts to hold—our souls unite,
In feelings all sublime.

But see, 'tis past! and few have thought,
As when its former promise brought
Assurance, that the year
Would pass, as fancy bad it fly,
Without reflection's ling'ring sigh,
Or mem'ry's freezing tear.

That link of time no longer binds
Congenial souls and thoughtful minds
In pleasure's fairy chain;
The wide, the crowded stage of life,
Around them lies all fear and strife,
And there they mix again.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

In the soul's desolation,—dark he stood;
No tears—no mother's weakness there had part;
But while the iron entered at his heart
He smiled;—great in himself, in lofty mood,
The world had taught him—amid scenes of blood
He started not;—and now he did not start.
The things most loved by him he saw depart
Silent and sadly down oblivion's flood:
Were it the gods in anger dealt with him,
Or for some crime to sorrow he was doomed,
Or Fortune's sport;—it matters not—a dream
Of darkness wrapt him—sullen he consumed;
In the soul's nameless fever passed away,
Nor seemed to notice life's past waning day.

FROM AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

[A Native slave, in one of our Eastern colonies, named *Suffer*, spoke somewhat to this effect, when dying, and offered wine by his European master.]

NAY, tempt not with forbidden wine
Thy dying slave! who hath, till now,
Withstood, from all, that draught divine,
Nor, e'en for thee, would break the vow;
Away! 't is *wit*, that ye, below,
Who steal anticipated heaven,
Our Paradise can never know—
And must thou perish unforgiven?

Shall we two part eternally,
When death removes me from thine eye?
Where'er thou art, I ought to be—
Can wine dissolve so firm a tie?
No! sure that sea of joy inspires
The liberty I ne'er possess'd;
My gracious master but desires
To make me also free and blest!

'T is not the thirst 'neath which I waste,
'T is not the perfume, nor the hue,
Nor all my dreams of that rich taste,
Can bid me prove if they be true!
I've been besought by love and wit,
Forbearance never cost a tear,
But now—'t is thy hand offers it,
And poison from that hand were dear!
Give me the wine! each failing sense
Shall pledge thee with a convert's zeal;
Thus let me share thy sweet offence,
And blend me with thy woe or weal.
Give me the wine! and welcome be
The doom, whose justice still I doubt—
Content in *any* world with *thee*,
Whom Paradise were dark without!

I. H.

TO THE MODERN FRENCH PATRIOTS.

(ON HEARING OF THEIR TRIUMPH IN THE LATE ELECTIONS.)

Your march is begun;—you will onward advance,
'Till your glory eclipse the past shame of that France
Ere she rose in her might from that night-dream of yore,
The slavery of man, and breathed freely once more.
As sweet light to the Heavens, or as Beauty to earth,
Is Freedom to souls that have once learnt the worth
Of adoring their God as the heart dictates how,
And bearing to Kings an erect, fearless brow.
For the graves of your fathers grew clamorous for right,
When your poor slaughtered kindred lay pale in your sight;
When your Princes their people to anarchy led,
Bared their swords at your bosoms—their axe at your head,
And whetted the passions of discord and zeal,
Their deadly dominion more keenly to feel;
Tore asunder the holiest of ties,—laughed to scorn
The honour and duty of men nobly born.
They came like the harpies that spring on the feast
Of the warriors, and seized what was noblest and best;
They mocked at the groans of your brave and your good,
And poisoned the springs that lent health to your blood.
Who snatched from your foreheads bright victory's wreath!
Who sowed in your country the harvest of death!
With the teeth of the dragon ensanguined your plains,
Your best life-blood drawing from each others veins!
Let their minions despair in those terrors of soul
That are made for the guilty no power can control,
Swift let them descend from high stations they keep
Like wolves of the mountains to tear you in sleep.
But 'twas impious and vain, as the dust of your feet,
You spurned and dismissed them; where Tyrants late met,
See the standard of Freedom already unfurled,
And the voice of the people give hope to the world.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY—DRAWN FROM LIFE,
BY A NOBLEMAN.

No. I.

Scene—Clichy; the Residence of Madame Recamier.

'Le souvenir, présent céleste,
Ombre des biens que l'on n'a plus,
Est encore un plaisir qui reste
Après tous ceux qu'on a perdus.'

On the banks of the Seine, at about half a league from Paris, Madame Juliette Recamier occupied, at Clichy-la-Garenne, the chateau which was once the residence of the Dukes of Levis. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and her extreme beauty and rare qualities, even more than her immense fortune, rendered her an object of general interest; so that all the men of note in Paris, and all the foreigners who visited France, were anxious to gain an introduction to one of the wonders of an age which was fertile in wonders.

France was then in the enjoyment of one of those short intervals of peace which have been succeeded by so many long and sanguinary wars. The laws of proscription against the emigrants were less strictly observed than they had before been, and the dawn of a happier future seemed to be rising. I had recently returned from Sweden, whither I had followed my family on their emigration. I did not recover the property, the restoration of which I had come to claim; but in my disappointment I was consoled by the generous benevolence of a woman, who seemed to intervene, like a tutelary genius, in all the misfortunes of my childhood, and all the vicissitudes of my after-life. Thus, while yet suffering from the privations of exile, I was suddenly transported from a vale of tears to a palace of Armida, and in the fairy land of Clichy I found the most accomplished being that an ardent imagination could desire to call a friend.

The clock of the chateau had struck seven, when, one fine morning in August, Juliette crossed the carpet of verdure which extended to the foot of the terrace, on her way to the village church, whose bell was summoning the inhabitants of Clichy to the morning mass. She was dressed in white, with her beautiful brown hair simply arranged beneath a gauze handkerchief. Her mother, Madame Bernard, was leaning on her arm, and she was followed by her cousin, Madame Franchiskini, her friend, Mademoiselle Lameflueri, Monsieur La Harpe, and myself. Having undergone purification with the holy water at the door, the little procession walked primly into the church; and it was very edifying to see us after that pious act, return home to join in the noisy amusements of a day, such as was then often spent in the Château de Clichy, and which I will attempt to describe.

The church of Clichy, like all those which were now again open for the reception of the pious, still exhibited traces of revolutionary vandalism. Having served for the sittings of a popular assembly, it was afterwards converted into a house for the poor, and the walls and some gothic windows were now the only things which in any degree indicated its original destination. On the wreck of an altar, decked with flowers for want of richer ornaments, the sacred mysteries were performed by the parish priest, who had miraculously escaped from the massacres of the Abbey on the 3d of September.* Beneath the vaulted roof of the sacred edifice, pious hymns had succeeded the blasphemies of profligacy and crime; and here a woman, lovely as Hope, now raised her pure soul to the Giver of all Good. If true piety be a remnant of our celestial inheritance, never did more fervent devo-

tion, and more unostentatious virtue, form part of that inheritance. Beside this angel of goodness knelt Monsieur de la Harpe, forcibly striking his breast, and loudly demanding pardon of heaven and earth for the errors of his turbulent youth, and the fatal influence which his opinions and writings had produced at the beginning of the Revolution. Misfortune had restored him to religion; but he made too great a show of repentance, and his expiation would, perhaps, have been more touching had he made less parade about it.

Mass being ended, Monsieur de la Harpe and Madame Bernard returned to the chateau, while the ladies, repairing to the river, which washed the walls of the park, bathed in the pure waters of the Seine, beneath tents which were pitched for the purpose. They returned before ten o'clock, when Monsieur de la Harpe delivered his lecture on literature and elocution. Nothing could be more droll than his manner of spouting the part of *Orosmane*, and making Juliette recite that of *Zaire*. A shawl rolled round his nightcap, by way of a turban, a dirty silk dressing-gown of a large flowery pattern, which he threw on like a Turkish pelisse, gave him the most grotesque appearance imaginable. His manner of delivering the celebrated passage, '*Zaire, vous pleurez!*' was a convincing proof of the short distance which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. He was no longer the converted philosopher, he was the pupil, the spoiled child of Voltaire, whom he never called by any other name than 'the great man,' imitating the tones of his voice, and dwelling emphatically on those passages which he had induced Voltaire to alter, for which he received the thanks of the philosopher of Ferney, and the assurance that his criticisms had been very serviceable to him. But if, in the midst of one of his favourite tirades, the drollery of his dress and the singular inflexions of his voice drew from us some expression of merriment, which all our prudence was insufficient to disguise, his anger was then exceedingly natural, and his outraged self-love vented itself in reproaches of a much less measured kind than those which Voltaire has put into the mouth of his jealous sultan. At ten o'clock, the young actor, Lafond, whose brilliant success had already marked him out as the successor of Talma, came to give Juliette her usual lesson of declamation.

General Junot had that morning brought him to Clichy in his carriage, as he was frequently in the habit of doing. The General was fond of the art of declamation, and, perhaps, being as enthusiastic an admirer of the charms of the pupil as he was of the talent of the master, he seldom failed to be present at our morning lessons. We repeated some scenes from *Atalie*, *Iphigenie*, and *Ester*. Junot declaimed very well, and was particularly successful in energetic passages. His figure was well suited to those parts in which Talma excelled, and to Shakspeare's heroes, with whom Ducis had made us acquainted. He delivered, with an air of inspiration, a passage which seemed to have been written expressly for him, and which concluded thus:

Un soldat parvenu, ce mot de l'insolence
A tout autre soldat paraîtrait une offense,
Moi, j'aime à répéter qu'à force de vertu
J'ai mérité ce nom de soldat parvenu.*

* Junot felt a laudable pride in relating the origin of his brilliant military career, for which, like many other men at that period, he was indebted to a happy moment and an extraordinary presence of mind. Buonaparte, when commanding at the siege of Toulon, advanced before the line to ask for some one who could write to his dictation. Junot offered himself; hardly had he finished the first page of his manuscript, when a howitzer fired from the works, fell so near him as to cover him with dust. 'The enemy has been kind enough to send me some sand just when I want it,' said he very coolly, shaking his paper. This pleased Buonaparte, and he made him his Aide-de-Camp. One star ruled both their destinies, and Junot made a rapid advancement, which, however, was closed by a very tragical death.

Excuse me for leaving you, said Juliette to the General, as soon as his speech was ended, for I must go and change this morning-dress to put on some thing more fit to be seen in; for I every moment expect Mr. Fox, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Adair, to whom I have been lately introduced, and who have requested that I would invite them to breakfast with General Moreau. They will be delighted to know you, and therefore I hope you will stay; and if Monsieur Lafond will also favour me with his company, we will resume our lesson after they are gone. Lafond excused himself, having to attend a rehearsal at the *Comédie Française* at one o'clock. He therefore returned to Paris in Junot's carriage; and the General, having no engagement, gladly seized the opportunity of meeting the interesting travellers, whose brilliant reputation had preceded them in France.

The ladies had no sooner withdrawn, than M. M. de Narbonne and E. Dupaty arrived. The former was celebrated for his talents and his graceful manners, and was regarded as a perfect model of French urbanity. Emmanuel Dupaty was the son of the President of that name, and his literary productions had already placed him in the rank of our most esteemed poets. Shortly after came Monsieur de Longchamps, who wishing to have La Harpe's opinion on his new piece, '*Le Séducteur amoureux*,' was to read it to us that very morning, before he presented it to the Committee of the *Comédie Française*. Next came M. M. Lamoignon, Matthieu and Adrien de Montmorency, whose fine names had ceased to be sentences of death, and who, reviving from amidst the darkness of the Revolution, brought with them to a new world the elegance of French Nobility, and features in which it was easy to trace their ancestors' titles to glory. At length General Moreau arrived, and, in a few moments, Messrs. Erskine, Fox, and Adair made their appearance. Thus were brought together, men of the present day, men of olden times, and men of another country, who scarcely knew each other except by name. They observed before they spoke, and, in spite of M. de Narbonne's talent for animating and varying a conversation, they were dull, and under restraint. But the ladies re-entered, and this cold formality was speedily banished. Juliette advanced to Mr. Fox, and said, with that grace for which she was so peculiarly distinguished, 'I am happy, Sir, to have the honour of seeing in my house a man who is not less esteemed in France, than he is admired in his own country. May I have the pleasure of introducing my friends to you, and also to Mr. Erskine and Mr. Adair?' She then named all the gentlemen present, making some allusion to the talent for which each was distinguished. She then presented the gentlemen to her mother, and to her female friends, and the conversation immediately became general.

Accustomed as she was to the brilliant part she had acted in the world for some years past, Madame Recamier seemed a little embarrassed when entering into a strange company, or appearing in public places, where every eye was fixed upon her, where her every motion was scrutinized, and her most simple expressions commented on. It consequently happened, that the timidity, so natural in a woman of very tender years, was often mistaken for a deficiency of intelligence, or of the *habitudes* of society. If, however, a sound judgment, and a mind totally free from prejudice, a taste which appreciated all that was good and ennobling, and a large stock of knowledge, without the slightest ostentation, might entitle a woman to intellectual fame, Madame de Récamier had an indisputable claim to it.

Breakfast was now announced, and we proceeded to a handsome room, which looked to a beautiful parterre, in order, one would think, to gratify all the senses at one and the same time; and when the character of the individuals assembled together that forenoon is recollected, it will excite no surprise that in a few minutes they should throw off the reserve of new acquaintances.

* It was from the recital of this venerable man, that Madame Recamier got Munerey to paint a picture, representing the last benediction given by the Abbé L'Enfant, Louis the Sixteenth's confessor, to the victims who were collected in a chapel of the Abbey, during the massacres in the prison.

Madame Bernard performed the honours of her daughter's table with her accustomed urbanity. Juliette sat next to Fox and Moreau, who both seemed perfectly at ease. For me, good luck placed me next to Mr. Adair, who carried me with him into every corner of England, in a way at once so lively and piquant, that on leaving the table I plumed myself on having made the tour of the three kingdoms. This gentleman spoke of his illustrious friend with an enthusiasm that evidently came from his heart, and seemed like the spontaneous effect of second nature. His remarks on French affairs were so profound and judicious, that I could not too much appreciate the benefit of his conversation.

It will not be expected that I should endeavour to detail, word for word, all the shrewd and witty things that were said during the two hours we sat at breakfast. We discussed war and politics, literature and the fine arts. We drew comparisons between the two nations, and endeavoured to allot to each her peculiar merits.

Fox and Moreau are entitled to the first notice. They seemed like two friends meeting after a long absence. The former joined to the most amiable wit, great brilliancy of conversation, and a gaiety as unrestrained as seducing. The latter, simple and modest, gave his opinion with so much reserve, and listened with so marked an attention, that it needed not the aid of his bright reputation to make him cherished and beloved by all who had intercourse with him. With what an exquisite simplicity did he not say to Erskine, who was giving us a short account of the trial of Thomas Paine, whom he unsuccessfully defended, 'Ah!' said he, 'by rights should have been a lawyer. Such was the wish of my family. I owe it partly to fortune, and partly to my own liking, that I am a soldier; but one is so little the master of the part he is to act in the world, that it is only at the end of our career that we can really blame or applaud the choice we made at its commencement.' M. de la Harpe was seated next to Erskine, and had every facility of questioning and replying to him. The distinguished lawyer, and the celebrated writer, let fly at each other sallies of wit and eloquence; and when occasionally M. de Narbonne attempted to generalize the conversation, each made a point of adverting to what he knew of the history of some of the guests. For instance, Moreau's retreat, Fox's addresses to the King for compelling Pitt to preserve peace, Erskine's speeches on the Jury Bill, Narbonne's Administration, La Harpe's Course of Literature, the praiseworthy acts which marked the public and private life of Montmorency, the valour of Junot, the charming poetry of Dupaty and Longchamps, were each, in turn, brought upon the carpet, analyzed, and applauded. And if it was pleasing for so many celebrated men to shine in the eyes of each other, it was not the less gratifying to observe those marks of approbation which admiration and esteem drew forth in favour of the charming woman whose attractive influence had drawn around her so great an assemblage of talent.

Coffee was just being served, when we heard the trampling of horses in the court-yard, and presently Eugène Beauharnais, and his two friends, Philippe de Segur and Hyppolite d'Espinhal, were announced. Young and spirited, illustrious not only on account of his own glory, but of that of his father-in-law, Eugene was not in the least intoxicated with so great a share of success. You might easily recognize, under the elegant uniform of a Colonel *des guides* of the Guard, the same young man who, but a few years before, was as good a son as he was afterwards a soldier,—who supported his mother and sister by the fruit of his labour as a journeyman joiner at Bordeaux—who, in a short lapse of time, had been transported from the plains of conquered Italy, to the feet of the pyramids of Egypt, and constituted the adopted son of him whom France called her saviour, and all Europe pronounced a hero. Advancing with an unas-

suming air to Madame Recamier, he begged her to allow him to express his regret at arriving so late to an entertainment to which it had given him so much pleasure to be invited. But he added, 'that having been detained by the First Consul in the details of public service, he had been but that momentable to make his escape,' and appealed, for the confirmation of this apology, to Segur and Espinhal, who, he said, had been waiting for him upwards of two hours in the court of the Carroussel. Then, going up to Mr. Fox, 'I flatter myself,' said he, 'I shall shortly be enabled to make some amends to you, Sir, for I am commissioned by my mother to accompany you to Malmaison, and have preceded only by a few minutes the carriages that are to conduct you thither, with your friends, as soon as you can tear yourself from the fascinations with which I see you are here surrounded. I shall have much pleasure in being your guide.' He then introduced Segur and Espinhal to the travellers, and shaking hands with the friends he met in the company, sat down to the table like a soldier accustomed to hasty repasts, of which the rapid meals of the First Consul did not allow him to forget the practice. In a few moments after, we rose from breakfast, and grouped according to choice or accident, proceeded to take a walk in the park. Juliette took my arm, and we were soon left alone with Fox. She again introduced me to him as a friend of her infancy; who, she added, had just arrived from travels through Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. He congratulated me on a circumstance at once so useful and agreeable. 'Yes, doubtless,' said I, 'when one is not forced to travel, for then it is not so pleasant, and causes so much chagrin, that little room is left for observation.' 'At your age,' he replied, 'such lessons are comparatively easy; by and by they would be more severe, but I hope you will never have anything more to do with them again.' In saying these words, he took me by the hand, and accompanied them with such a look of benevolence, that I at once felt how much he deserved to be loved as well as admired. 'You must come with your fair friend to England,' he resumed, 'when she visits us, as she has promised to do, and I shall be happy to show you every thing we have worth seeing. You will not then be a forced traveller; and that makes a material difference.' 'Ah! Sir, it was but just now that your friend, Mr. Adair, taught me to feel so much respect for your country and your countrymen, that I cannot regard myself as a stranger, either with you or him.' Some of the company then rejoined us, and M. Moreau taking the arm of Mr. Fox, we returned slowly to the chateau.

Such were the first and few words which I exchanged with this celebrated man. Fox descended into the tomb before I began to be a little spoken of in the world. I appeared before him as one of the least known of mankind. He was in the height of his glory, and I at the lowest pitch of my obscurity. My name, perhaps, did not rest a whole day in his memory. I am happy, however, that I had the good fortune to meet him, and converse with him. There is a virtue in the look of such a man, and a powerful charm is attached to its recollection. On entering the saloon, we found there M.M. de Longuerue and Chazet, who had just arrived. As soon as they were presented, M. de Lamoignon asked Madame Recamier to sing. She sat down to her harp, and accompanied herself in Plantade's pretty romance, 'Le bien aimez, ô ma chère Zélie.' Juliette was so beautiful, her voice was so sweet, and Manderman had made her so complete a musician, that the whole company was in rapture at hearing her. Felix de Longuerue took advantage of this moment of ecstasy, to make a drawing of Mr. Fox, whose marked features and expressive countenance were easily caught. He finished his sketch before the romance was concluded, and we were all struck with the resemblance.

'In such agreeable company, time passes ra-

pidly.' Segur, who made this remark, added, that the first Consul's carriages had been in waiting for an hour in the avenue. The party then broke up; Fox and his friend took leave of *La belle Chataigne*, soliciting permission to repeat their visit, a favour which she granted to those who know how to receive one. Eugene and Segur followed them, but d'Espinhal remained with us; and it may be taken for granted, that after their departure our laudatory remarks on such interesting travellers were not soon exhausted. We were still talking about them when the Duchess of Gordon, and her daughter, Lady Georgiana, now Duchess of Bedford, were announced. This afforded another opportunity of doing honour to the merit of the English who were then visiting France. The Duchess of Gordon was quite natural and affable. But some mistakes which she made as to the meaning of certain French words contributed as much to her fame, in Paris, as did her high rank and superior accomplishments. More graces and more beauty were never united in the same person than in Lady Georgiana Gordon. It will readily be owned, that it required no small share of personal attractions to shine as this lady did in the company of Madame Recamier, who was the most celebrated beauty of Paris. But she had so charming and so *virginale* an expression, and there was so much sweetness in the countenance, and so much gracefulness in the deportment of this *belle Anglaise*, that the prize of beauty seemed, in the opinion of almost every beholder, equally due to each of these two lovely women. At the moment the Duchess and her charming daughter arrived, we were preparing to hear the reading of M. de Longchamps's work. These ladies requested to be allowed to form part of the learned Areopagus, and the author was soon surrounded by a brilliant circle. He then read his clever comedy in one act, which, a few days after, was performed with merited success on the stage. He was congratulated both on the choice of his subject and the beauty of his verse. M. de la Harpe, usually a severe judge, assured the author that the reading afforded him much pleasure. He was commenting very judiciously on the greater or less degree of merit of some scenes, when Abraham, the dancing-master, *par excellence*, arrived at three o'clock to give his lesson. Within a few days, Vestris had composed for the young Hortense Beauharnais a new gavotte, which bore her name. One of the ladies played on the tambourine, the other danced with a shawl, throwing it into various folds, and both wheeled round their cavalier. Juliette was then a pupil of the dancing-master, and Lady Georgiana Gordon, whom Abraham likewise taught, already danced delightfully. It was proposed to postpone the lesson till to-morrow; but the gentlemen begged that this might not be done, and even desired that the gavotte might be repeated in the saloon, that they might pass their opinion upon it. The ladies allowed themselves to be a little pressed on this point, because they had little expected such spectators. However, they would consent, they said, if they had had a cavalier, who was indispensable, as the gavotte was arranged for three persons. 'Let that be no hindrance,' said Espinhal, who danced then, as well as he has since bravely fought,—'if that be your only objection, it can be easily obviated; and if you will permit me, ladies, I will try to recollect it, having seen it danced at Madame Campan's, at St. Germain's,' at the ball which followed the representation of *Atalie*. There was then no possible objection. The want of a band was supplied by Abraham with a kit which he drew from his pocket; and never, perhaps, did two more celestial creatures move with greater precision of step, and gracefulness of attitude. They reminded me of the most elegant of the female figures on the Herculean vases. Juliette executed her part with all the lightness of a nymph, raising the tambourine above her head at every bound; and the graces of Lady Georgiana's beautiful form were

heightened by her management of the shawl, the waving folds and transparent gauze of which, as she alternately furled and unfurled it, 'Now half concealed, now half unveiled her charms.'

They were praised and applauded with all the enthusiasm of delight. This pleasant and unexpected ballet being over, the company gradually left Clichy. The Duchess of Gordon took Juliette and myself in her carriage to the Bois de Boulogne, and these short moments sufficed to make us acquainted with the real merit of Lady Georgina. Her reflections and judicious observations appeared to belong to an understanding not common at her years, and her criticisms bore the stamp of the most finished education.

LETTERS OF CRITO.—No. II.

CRITICAL QUALIFICATIONS OF MR. LOCKHART, AS EDITOR OF 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.'

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I closed my last letter with the assertion, that the present Editor of 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW' was deficient in that logical mind, and those qualities of sensibility, imagination, and the power of polite discussion, so necessary to the formation of a great Critic. My first ground of complaint against Mr. Lockhart was, the bigotry and extravagance of this gentleman, in regard to the works and the style of writing of his near connection, Sir Walter Scott. Great are those works; and beautiful, nay inimitable, that style. No modern authors approach,—no ancient, save one, excels him; but, for all this, an incompetent critic, however devoted, may do him injustice, either by an exaggerated praise, or a lame support of that which may be deserved. In both these points, I conceive Mr. Lockhart to have failed, and, for a man claiming to direct our taste, egregiously failed. Take, for example, the extravagant hyperbole of praise, which lately hurt all men of taste, in 'THE QUARTERLY' of last March.* Take also the lean and hungry proofs offered in support of this panegyric, and ask whether injury has not been done, not merely to the cause of letters, but to the highly-gifted Sir Walter Scott himself. As to the latter, greatly shall we have mistaken him, if his feelings were not as much those of uneasiness as of gratitude, when he found himself the object of such high-flown praise, but more especially when he shivered (which he must have done) under the coldness of the proofs adduced to support the commendation. Let us examine this hyperbole in detail.

According to the Reviewer himself, Sir Walter Scott is not only a wonder of nature, (which we fully admit,) but nature herself. 'His mind has a plastic operation of its own, analogous in all respects to the processes of Nature herself.' He is a tree, whose vital sap is nourished by showers and dew, but puts forth bud and blossom; thus converting all outward influences to its own ends by the activity of its inherent vigour.' This might pass, but he is another 'tree that re-produces dew and shower in spontaneous foliage; nor are we ever wearied with his re-appearance, or satiated with his abundance, any more than with the tree for opening its leaf every spring, or bearing its fruit every autumn.' Changing his figure, 'he is a founder, (not of a college, a new style, or a new character in literature, but a metal-founder,) who, in a frenzy, collects images and ideas from all sources, and fuses them altogether in one glowing mass of illustration and eloquence.' Again, he is an alchemist, 'who purifies base metal from dross, and turns it into gold, in his intellectual crucible.' He is also master of the mint, and 'calls in bad coin, whose motto is worn out, melts it down again, stamps it anew, and makes it current with his own image and superscription.' Likewise, a 'magician, to whom tradition and history give up the dead from their burial-places, and these dead are social and solitary, polished and rude, cultivated and ignorant, philosophical and superstitious, brave and fearful, wise men and fools, madmen and fanatics.'

Here we stop to take breath; and, in the first instance, to express our wonder at the panegyric itself; in the next, at the little tact which the writer or publisher must possess, to believe that he does not rather indispose, than induce, the world to listen to such extravagant compliments.

You observe, Sir, that not merely tradition and history yield up their dead, but yield them from the very

burial-places; that is, as it should seem, they yield the actual dead bodies (for dead bodies alone are deposited in "burial-places.") This minuteness alone would convince me, exclusively of other evidence, that the ebullition here cited, is either the sole production of the editor, or at least has been elaborately revised by him. The character of his style cannot be mistaken; that character is, as I shall have ample occasion to show, to strain a figure till it break. What, however, are we to say to accuracy of mind, when, in the very next sentence, all that has been said about tradition and history is contradicted. 'They,' (the dead,) says the Review, 'pass before us on the stage, in the habits in which they lived, and surrounded by the same scenery and customs.' But it is equally evident that all these persons and circumstances, with all their attributes, are the shapings of the poet's pen. 'We shall look for them in vain elsewhere; they are not to be found in tradition or history, or in the common world about us: they had their birth-place and their cradle in the brain of the poet,' &c. &c.

We join Sir Walter Scott himself in the regret, which we are sure he will feel, at being thus made the subject of such confused and indiscriminating adulation; and, supported as it is by shallow proofs, (which we shall presently consider,) he cannot but suffer, in the attempt that has been made, to deify him. We see the Critic in these passages heaving and labouring, with an effort evidently too much for him. He groans and sweats with the task he has imposed upon himself, (to use his favourite phrase,) of fusing, from every sort of material, a panegyric which, were it even deserved, is not deserved upon the proofs given.

But these are not the only passages in which the Critic *fuses*, not only beyond the strength of his materials, but of his own powers of managing them, were they stronger. Let any one take the following description of Sir Walter's eloquence, and ask his own sense what it means? 'It was eloquence losing itself in its own effects, and surrendering its claims to a narrative which had no value, but as it was embellished by its gifts.' How eloquence can be lost in its own effects, it would be difficult to say; but if it could, how its claims can be surrendered to a narrative, whose sole value depends upon the embellishment of this very eloquence, marvellously puzzles a plain man. But 'the very display,' continues the Critic, 'was as it were the hiding of its power; for the writer had perfect mastery over the instrument of languages, using the faculty as possessing it, not as possessed by it; which is a mark of superior and well disciplined genius.' If this last observation be just, we fear we cannot compliment the Critic himself upon this excellent discipline; and I should really, Sir, feel obliged to any of your readers who could enable me to understand a Reviewer who evidently means so much, and explains so little. His next obscurity is, that 'at length the demon overmastered the magician.' That Scott is the magician is plain; but who, or what is the demon?—and who, or whatever he is, how does the overmastery appear?—Why, a discovery is made, that in time, 'combinations of incident may be exhausted, and variety of action is not absolutely infinite': the consequence, adds the Critic, is, 'that the mind is thrown back on its own fertility,' and compelled to recur to 'the simplicity of its primitive creations.' 'Hence,' a writer of great eloquence, whatever his imagination, could then 'have written no more.' Why not, when he says, whatever his imagination, which means, though his imagination might be ever so great? Or does the Critic mean, that a man may be eloquent without imagination? If he does, Swift perhaps may agree with him, who fancied a certain beautiful song, by a person of quality,

'Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave to thy dominions,
Nature must give way to Art.'

But it can never be the Reviewer's meaning to apply such eloquence to Sir Walter Scott. Difficult, therefore, as the assertion is, we are forced to take it upon trust, that Sir Walter Scott is so different from other men, that though exhausted he is not exhausted, and though his stock of combinations has failed, it has not failed, but he has got it still. The Critic then tells us a little, and but a little, more intelligibly, (for even here he is not very clear,) that the power of Sir Walter Scott is still probable, though not visible. 'The interest,' says he, 'if it be not awake, still lies dreaming before us.' This is the oddest personification of interest we ever heard of; but let us not despair, for though interest, whose character is usually to keep us awake,

is itself asleep, the sleepy interest of Sir Walter Scott 'starts ever and anon in broken slumbers, and we feel ourselves gently agitated, and a higher animation gradually pervades our curiosity.'

Such awful slumbers can only belong to the magician, which Sir Walter Scott certainly is; and no wonder that any one presuming to follow or imitate a person deserving of such sublime praise, ought to be appalled even by the mere undertaking. Such an infatuated adventurer becomes, indeed, on the instant, the prey of the Critic, who is sure to

'View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that taught himself to rise.'

'Such a man,' says the Critic, 'must have a mind nourished and enriched by the appropriate aliment, and disciplined by patient exercise and practice, before he can possibly hope to attain to the tenth part of a hair of excellence like his, (Sir Walter Scott's;) still less can a writer of little genius hope to succeed as his rival and imitator.'

These last passages are ominous to the author of 'Brambletye House' and 'Tor Hill,' who must take the consequences of his temerity. The Reviewer will not even allow him a name; and gravely informs us that the works in question were written by a Mr. Smith. 'Mr. Smith, however,' says the Reviewer, 'has a *nom de guerre* by which he wishes to be known as one of the authors of a little book, which, being well-timed, met with much success.' This is the mode in which his taste, his justice, and his civility, condescend to permit the well-known and approved *jeu d'esprit*, 'The Rejected Addresses,' to come between the wind and his nobility.

But has not the Editor of the 'THE QUARTERLY' himself also a *nom de guerre* by which he wishes to be known? And when he published 'Reginald Dalton,' did he not say 'by the Author of Valerius'? though what 'Valerius' is, we mean no disrespect when we venture to question whether nineteen-twentieths of the world know, who know every line of the 'Rejected Addresses' by heart. This affected contempt for respectable names, though it may argue weakness, can never do good. The mildest of Reviewers has at least a painful pre-eminence; but he who seeks gratuitously, and, as in this instance, unsuccessfully, to degrade a man of merit, has the curse of Ishmael upon him, (for curse it is,) 'his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him.' We wish the Editor of 'THE QUARTERLY' so well, that we sincerely hope he is as rich in friends, as he must be, to make this a matter of indifference to him. Be this as it will, Mr. Smith has been guilty of the high treason that has been imputed to him, having presumed to attempt an historical novel. Of course, therefore, the masterly sketches of 'Van Beverning' and 'Constantia,' and the very interesting one of 'Milton and his Daughters,' which the world have had the injustice (or impertinence) to think equal to some of the sketches of Sir Walter Scott himself, are condemned beyond redemption; and 'Constantia' is called essentially prosaic, and the material of the circulating library time out of mind. The Editor's own heroines in 'Reginald Dalton' and 'Valerius' will probably give 'Constantia' and Mr. Smith their revenge, when we come to them. Meantime, we much question whether the candour of the excellent person whose reputation it is thus sought to raise by this undesired detraction, would condescend to accept the incense offered to him at such expense.

But this is nothing. The politeness of the Reviewer, kindled by this presumptuous Mr. Smith, soars to its zenith;—speaking of his 'Pictures of the Plague, and Fire of London,' we are at least told that

'Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.'

Thus Mr. Smith is a fool, and Sir Walter Scott an angel. In another place, with equal politeness, the Critic, speaking of 'Cecil Hungerford,' has no objection to accurate or even elevated diction, if Mr. Smith could put any thing of the sort into his mouth!

Whether this is criticism, or adulation to the one and rudeness to the other party, we need not ask; but it brings us to a question, which such injudicious conduct, not our own wish, has driven us to make; how far forth the Critic supports, by reason and proof, the bombastical panegyric he has published on an author who stands so little in need of it, that, luckily for him, he cannot be hurt even by such egregious want of judgment as that we have canvassed.

This, however, is a question of far too much importance to be disposed of in a few words; and I shall, therefore, take the liberty of addressing you upon it in another letter.

CRITO,

* Article,—Historical Romance.

* Quarterly Review for 1817, p. 521.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Paris, Jan. 11, 1828.

The last month has been more than usually fertile in literary novelties; our authors seem, indeed, to have vied with each other in offering to the public their Christmas presents. Without including in the list D'Arlincourt's novel in verse, 'Ismalic ou la Mort,' what a mass of productions destined but to behold the light and expire! After seeing the advertisements of innumerable works, on the walls of the Palais Royal, on my way to Galignani's, I found on my arrival there the table literally covered with pamphlets in verse and prose. I turned over the leaves of an insignificant production of M. Maïroll's; it was a poor defence, written without talent or moderation, of Jesuitism and of the Ministry, which, thank Heaven, is at last fallen. The next was a spirited little work, entitled 'Les adieux à M. de Villele,' by M. M. Mery and Barthelemy, in which the absurdities and crimes of the Administration which has so long been a curse to France, are detailed with great power. I was much struck with the harmony of M. Lebreu's new poem, 'Le Voyage en Grèce,' which he wrote on his return from that country, and has just published.

A work entitled 'Comédies Historiques' has been read here with avidity. M. Neponxune Lemercier, the author of it, is a Member of the French Academy, but he is notwithstanding an indefatigable writer, and a man of genius. His work is composed of three pieces: 'Pinto,' 'L'Ostracisme,' and 'Richeheu, or La journée des dupes.' The first, you no doubt know; it has gone through several editions. It was performed once only, I believe; proscribed, from its first appearance, it obtained nevertheless for its author the most brilliant success. The two last appear now for the first time. In 'L'Ostracisme,' M. Lemercier transports his spectators to the period of the falling liberties of Athens, crushed by one of the most illustrious of her sons. In 'Richeheu,' he has drawn a faithful picture of the interior of Louis the Thirteenth's court, with all the intrigues and duplicity of his courtiers. They are, like the first, remarkable for the truth of the details, and a bold and vigorous style, but particularly for that fearless love of liberty, which appears to increase in M. Lemercier with his increasing years. The different governments which, for the last twenty-five years, have succeeded each other in France, have never permitted the representation of these pieces. And why? Because M. Lemercier's works are stamped with the manly tone of a virtuous republican,—because he has never bowed his neck to tyranny of any kind, and because tyrants hold in utter abhorrence and fear characters of his cast. On the other hand, M. Lemercier has understood the age in which he lives: he considered, that in order to rouse the feelings of a nation, whose manners, education, and ideas have undergone an almost total change, it was necessary to invent some new spring in theatrical representation; and from that moment the *pecus imitatorum* broke loose against him, and seconded with all their power the wishes of the Emperor and those of the King to close upon him the doors of the 'Theatre François.' Luckily an excellent resource still remained for the author of 'Pinto,' viz. an appeal to the judgment of the public. This he has done; and I have no doubt it will answer his expectation.

A work of another kind, though equally interesting, has also just made its appearance; it is called 'Kaledor,' and is an African story, by Baron Roger, late governor of Senegal. Having overcome the obstacles which for a length of time prevented the prosperity of the French settlements in Senegal, the Baron Roger thinks that another duty now devolves upon him in Europe, this is to excite the attention of the public in France, on the subject of a vast agricultural establishment, which might become a market of the utmost importance to the mother country. 'Kaledor,' is the first attempt which he has made to excite the curiosity of his countrymen in favour of the new France which he has called into existence.

It is the history of a young negro, who relates with ingenuousness, the incidents of an adventurous life: his education, the love with which he burned, the battles he fought, his captivity and release, his travels, and return to his native country, are drawn with the dramatic interest of a novel, and possess all the attractions of a biographic memoir. This production of M. Roger is divided into eight books, each of which is followed by notes replete with curious and striking matter relative to the customs and localities which would have injured

the interest of the story, had they been interwoven in the narrative.

The following portrait of a monk is remarkable, and well worth extracting:

'Father Antonio was a Franciscan friar, short in figure, but making up in breadth for his want of height; he was about sixty years old—a plain simple man, whose indolent and monotonous life passed away in a quiet and calm indifference, very much resembling the uniform flow of the placid stream in which he was daily wont to fish—he possessed neither ability nor knowledge—he had not sufficient energy to do harm, and if he did not do good, it was purely because he did not think about it, or from fear of discomposing himself. He for several days gave me what he termed his "instruction" as follows:

"There is but one God."
"I believe it, holy Father."
"That God is my God."
"Probably so, Father."
"Idolators do not know God."
"Very possible; but I am a Mohammedan."
"A Mohammedan! Mohammed was sent by the devil to ruin mankind."
"That remains to be proved."
"I prove it, because the Catholic is the only true religion."
"I have been taught the same as to the doctrines of Islamism."
"It is the only true religion, because all others are false."
"We believe the same of ours."
"We have miracles as proofs."
"So have we."

"The poor old man then lost himself in a maze of argument, of which I understood nothing, but he invariably concluded by telling me, "out of the pole of the church there is no salvation—if thou art not baptized, thou and thine will burn to all eternity;" and the lesson ended with a glowing description of hell."

I have scarcely space remaining to notice a bibliographical undertaking, which deserves more particular mention. It is the 'Isography of celebrated men, or a collection of Autograph Letters.' The materials of this work have been drawn from the King's Library, and from those of private individuals of distinction. It is conducted by M. Berard, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, whose excellent library has furnished several of the most curious autographs. The eighth Number has just appeared, and I shall therefore speak of it more at length in my next.

THE ITALIAN OPERA—KING'S THEATRE.

HAVING, in our last Number, given a large portion of our space to the Introductory Article on the Nomenclature of the Italian Opera, we restricted ourselves to a mere announcement of the opening of the King's Theatre for the present season, and naming the pieces performed, promising to reserve the more full details, into which it was our intention to enter, for a future occasion. To these details we therefore now proceed.

The affairs of the King's Theatre were in an unsettled state within a very short time before the usual commencement of the Opera season; a negotiation for the lease of the house, &c., being pending between the assignees and M. Laurent, a French gentleman. Some difficulty is said to have arisen in consequence of the high engagements which the former had previously contracted with several of the principal performers, and in which M. Laurent was required to acquiesce. Agreements, we are informed, had, among others, been entered into with Madame Pasta at the rate of 5000*l.*, and with Madame Caradori and Signior Curioni at 1800*l.* each, for the season, independently of other emoluments arising from their benefits, (not that we have the smallest objection to even still higher rewards;) and the sum of 8,500*l.* was demanded for the lease of the house, scenery, wardrobe, &c. for one year. That terms like these, should, on a retrospect of the results of late seasons, cause serious demur, is not to be wondered at. They were nevertheless, ultimately acceded to. M. Laurent in conjunction with M. Laporte, with whom the London public has been long acquainted, have taken the King's Theatre, and paid the required deposit of 4000*l.* the day before the performances commenced.

The enterprise certainly is an arduous and awful one, and can only succeed under a marked degree of patronage and encouragement on the part of the public. This, we sincerely trust, the new lessees will experience, provided always that their conduct of the concern shall appear entitled to it.

If the direction of an Italian Opera in London has at all times been a doubtful speculation, it cannot but appear such under the circumstances just mentioned; and the aspect of the times as to musical taste and to the state of the art in general, must, in our opinion, add to the difficulties. First-rate singers are extremely scarce throughout Europe. We are almost afraid to utter the word; but, in our opinion, vocal art has been gradually declining for these twenty or thirty years. The causes are probably manifold, although the dis-

turbed state of the Continent, and of Italy in particular, no doubt, may be numbered among them.

In point of compositions for the theatre, likewise, the situation of an *Impresario* at the present moment is singularly unfortunate. Where is he to look to for novelty, that shall have sufficient attractions for a generation whose taste has been so powerfully warped, or at least, biased, by the seductive but transient apparition of the Gran Maestro. In this respect, the public might be compared to the inhabitants of an island who, although in possession of various kinds of excellent wines, had by accident, for the first and last time, obtained a plentiful supply of sparkling Champagne, upon which they feasted, till all was consumed, and till their palate had become so wedded to the flavour, that Port, Madeira, Hock, and Burgundy were as physics to them. All endeavours to obtain a fresh importation of the delicious exhilarating beverage proving fruitless, some speculating manufacturers of wine attempt to remedy the evil by artificial compounds; but perry and gooseberry wine are found to be but weak imitations. What, then, are our poor Islanders to do? What else but to take to their Port, Madeira, and Hock again, a beverage at once invigorating and substantial, and of which the stock is too abundant to be soon exhausted!

This, we venture to predict, will be the ultimate course of things with regard to music. But, unfortunately for managers, a generation may pass by before such a return to a rational course takes place; and in the meanwhile, they find themselves at their wits' ends what to cater for their public: *Semiramide, La Gazza, Il Barbiere—La Gazza, Il Barbiere, Semiramide*—and, by way of change, *Il Barbiere, Semiramide, and La Gazza*. 'Toujours perdrix!' yawn the audience, and stay away; for, to make matters worse, the hour of satiety is infinitely hastened by other adverse circumstances. No sooner is an opera out, but to instant work fall the legions of arrangers and adaptors. Out comes *Semiramide*, arranged for the piano-forte; *Semiramide* arranged for two performers on one piano-forte; *Semiramide* arranged for the piano-forte and harp; *Semiramide* arranged for the piano-forte and flute; *Semiramide* arranged for the guitar; *Semiramide* arranged for a single tiny flute; and, for aught we know, *Semiramide* arranged for the French-horn, or even the Jew-harp.

This is not all! It is not enough to hear *Semiramide* strummed on the 65,499 pianos in and about London by twice as many fair hands during the morning. The domain of music, too, partakes of the march of intellect; the Babylonian queen, for her misdeeds, is reserved for further torments, and must be trodden under foot. After having run the gauntlet of the arrangers and adaptors, she receives the *coup de grace* from the quadrille manufacturers. Messrs. Musard, Payne, Weippert, Chalenger, &c. finish the work of retribution effectually.

Otello, Medea, &c., share the same fate. It does not matter a straw whether the air be lively or serious. Be it ever so tragic and heart-rending, so the subject happens to be a little regular and rhythmical, it is quadrillized without ceremony, and tripped to, evening after evening throughout the season.

By these processes, an opera, like a voluptuary, becomes old and stale, from repeated enjoyments, long before its natural time; i. e., long before the term during which it would have remained in fair bloom, when the march of intellect had not yet got among crotchets and quavers, and immolated the hen of the golden eggs.

It is in this way that the best things of Rossini have become hacknied in a very few years; and Managers are at a loss what to substitute. In their despair they try novelties of Paccini, Vaccacj, Mercadante, &c. are soon found to be mere perry and gooseberry. Mozart is next taken from the dusty shelf of the *repertoire*; and 'Il Don Giovanni,' or 'Le Nozze,' are placed under rehearsal, to the mortification perhaps of a majority of the Signori and Signorine, whose estimation for the Tramontano Tedesco is not of the enthusiastic kind. The overture is rapturously applauded by a thin house; but, strange to tell, the airs, trios, and quintets, which ten years ago created a very *furor*, are listened to quietly by the greater part of the audience, the young above all. Some few quinquagenarians, remembering their raptures of times gone by, strive to be consistent, and try hard at being delighted; *ourselves* among the number. But candour compels us to own, with a blush, we feel, to our utter astonishment, that the strains of the divine Mozart have lost much of their former electrifying powers. Oh! that accursed champagne from Pesaro, that has made such vile inroads on our musical sensibilities! Would we had never tasted one drop of the pernicious philtre!—pernicious fascination, indeed, to be capable

of diminishing the delight we were wont to enjoy from the heaven-born Mozart.

The taste of the day has done still further mischief to the resources of an Impresario. Thirty years ago the Opera Buffa presented him with an important means of variety in his representations. The music, naturally, was exhilarating; a good Buffo alone would draw a house; and a lively arch Donna Buffa was more readily found, and when found, more likely to attract, than a stern long-visaged Donna Seria, who, to make any impression, ought to be of first-rate excellence. But the Opera Buffa is all but exploded. What Manager, of a great theatre at least, would at this time venture to announce 'Il Matrimonio Segreto,' 'La Cosa rara,' or 'Il Rè Teodoro,' unless perhaps the score were entirely remodelled to suit the present taste for noisy chorus, and the stunning blasts of brass, and were moreover amplified, variation-like, by myriads of additional quavers and demi-semiquavers?

Such are the troubles of an Opera Manager at this day,—an 'Impresario nell' angustie' in all conscience! And these ought surely to be borne in mind when we attempt to pass sentence on his proceedings. Fastidious and spoiled children as we have become, if we are not always pleased, the fault is more frequently ours than his. If he do his best to please the public under so many adverse circumstances, it is but fair to make reasonable allowances, and just to give that encouragement by which, in the end, we are as much the gainers as himself.

To speak particularly of the present opening,—considerable changes have been made in the location of the instruments of the orchestra. The wind-instruments have almost all been congregated into the extreme corner on the left hand; a measure of very doubtful advantage as regards effect and precision of simultaneous intonations from one end of the long line to the other.

As to the *personnel* of the orchestra, the choice made leaves nothing to be wished for. It consists of many of our first-rate artists, with M. Spagnoletti at their head, and is altogether superior to what it was previously. Our old friend, M. Mariotti, we are also glad to find, has resumed his station at the trombone.

With respect to the singers, besides Madame Pasta, several new ones are to join from Paris, and those that have already appeared will be noticed presently.

For an opera there is too much incident in 'Margherita d'Anjou,' and its want of simplicity must be considered as a drawback on the efforts of the composer. The music, as a whole, may be pronounced a production of merit, although certainly not abounding in features of originality. It is by no means equal to that of the *Crociato*; and if, as we have heard and are most willing to believe, its composition is prior in date, the stride from one to the other is as great as, in the contrary case, the falling off would be a matter of regret. The reminiscences from the works of Rossini are numerous and palpable, and Mozart has by no means been neglected. There are but few ideas of decided originality, although most of the pieces are written in good style, and with great attention to the nature of the dramatic situation, and the import of the text. The accompaniments are unequal, some are bare as to inner-parts, while others are rich, elaborate, and masterly. In justice to the composer, it has been publicly stated, that since the first production of this opera, he has made many alterations and additions, which he tendered to the management here, earnestly requesting that the music might not be brought out in its pristine defective state; but this request, it is further reported, was not complied with. The grounds for the refusal of such an offer, quite similar to that of Morlacchi, ought to be strong indeed; and if so, it would be for the credit of the parties concerned to make them known.

The manner in which this opera has been produced does great credit to the establishment. The scenery, much of which is new, is well executed. The dresses and decorations are satisfactory, and some of the former splendid, and the auxiliary personnel of soldiers, military band, and chorus, is numerous. But, what is worth more than all the rest, the music must have been studied by all the parties, and rehearsed, in a most laudable degree. We do not remember to have witnessed a first representation so perfect in all respects, although the music is not only of vast extent but often intricate. The choruses were more numerous, better selected, and better drilled than we have seen them before. There is a sweet chorus in the scene, 'Viva l'illustre Sovrana;' and another, 'Che bell' alba,' in the second act, very ingenious and effective. These and others were executed with much precision; and

the laughter of the hardy mountaineers at the sloth of the inhabitants of cities, told remarkably well.

Madame Caradori, as *Margaret*, had an extensive and arduous musical part assigned to her, to which she did full justice. This lady's voice is still gaining in volume and strength; and the increasing confidence in her powers infuses an augmented degree of spirit and energy into her dramatic action. To enumerate all the efforts which drew applause from the audience would exceed our limits. The few lines, '*Il contento e il piacer di vittoria*,' &c., were sung with an enthusiasm and a brilliancy of effect which astonished her greatest admirers; and after going through the whole of her arduous character with undiminished vigour, Madame Caradori sang her last portion of it with a freshness and force truly surprising.

Curioni took laudable pains. His '*Entrata*,' and one or two other songs, including the share he has in a good duet with Mademoiselle Brambilla, were given with the impressive fervour which he can assume when he is on good terms with the character.

Signor Pellegri's return to the theatre is a great acquisition; a more perfect artist as a bass singer is, perhaps, not in existence. What he does is absolutely finished and masterly. Unfortunately, the part of *Michele* is a poor one, stuck, per force, into a piece altogether serious, merely for the sake of getting a buffo on the stage. None of the other *dramatis persone* have anything to do with his meagre attempts at drolery, and so there is no reason why the audience should care much about them. Signor Pellegri, besides, has something too precise about him, his countenance is too sensible, too knowing, to make a truly droll buffoon.

Porto we are also happy to see again. His stentorian double-bass voice, which pitches the deep E flat with ease, is a wonderful fulcrum in the concerted pieces; it acts like the pedal of a great organ.

Mademoiselle Brambilla's qualifications are, as yet, in ascent. There are some very sweet tones in her low soprano voice; she has inward feeling, and evinces the tuition of a good school, which requires and deserves a continuation of persevering study and cultivation. With such promising materials, favoured on the part of nature by attractions of person and features, it will be her fault if she do not rise to eminence. Let her keep in view the career of Madame Pasta, whose first appearance on our own boards was, in many respects, similar.

Mr. A. Sapia's first debut as Gloucester, warrants fair hopes for the future. He has a mellow flexible bass voice, the force of which was rather overwhelmed at the side of Porto, but will probably much expand by theatrical practice, and an accession of confidence.

The plot of the ballet is taken from the story of 'Abon Hassan,' in the 'Arabian Nights,' with which our readers are sufficiently familiar, especially since the music of Weber has been the means of introducing the subject on the English stage. Hassan, while under the effects of a sleeping draught, is conveyed to the Caliph's palace, where he finds himself transformed into the Caliph himself, enjoys a reign of one day, &c. The main features of the tale have been concocted by Mons. Anatole, the new ballet-master, into one of the prettiest ballets produced on this stage, rendered doubly attractive by the music of Mr. Sor, the elegance and sweetness of which accord eminently with the subject of the ballet. This music really is superior to some of the opera music brought before the public of late years. In the scenery and dresses, too, the managers have shewn a becoming spirit and liberality. The ballet department altogether promises to resume the rank and importance which it had forfeited last season. Among the fresh engagements, those of Mons. Albert and Mademoiselle Anatole, whose talents are well known and appreciated in this country, stand foremost. The charming Mademoiselle Brocard remains on the establishment; and another clever new dancer, Mademoiselle Leonotte, together with Mons. Bournonville, have joined from Paris.

The Opera of 'Margherita d'Anjou,' was again repeated on Saturday night last, when it was heard and applauded by a much more numerous and fashionable audience than on its first representation. We say this, although one half the company were absent until the first act, which is two hours long, was concluded. This must of necessity be the case whilst the Opera curtain rises at the precise time at which so many of its patrons sit down to dinner: not that it is of much importance to the prosperity of the concern; as the majority of those rulers of the *Zone* are box-renters: but there is a point which Messrs. Laurent and Laporte will do well to keep in view, that

of attracting the money-visitors; who, consisting principally of amateur families of the high middle class, will not repeatedly witness the same series of performances. These are they who love Mozart,—not for fashion's sake, but for his intrinsic beauty as a writer: and who, to be tempted from their elegant comforts at home, must know that the Opera of the evening is by a fine writer, and is to be performed by artists equal to their several undertakings. It is far from our intention to insinuate that Mozart, because the finest, is the only fine composer; but he, in particular, should have his turn in the operatic, as has Shakespeare in our tragic drama.

If the Managers would attract this class—and it would not diminish the pleasures of any,—they will take especial care to have, in addition to their novelties forthcoming, a series of those admired pieces, Ballets, as well as Operas, which have been produced here seasons past; remembering that they possess the respective sets of scenes and properties of each in stock. Variety is the loadstone of amusement. To the many idlers and talkers, numbers may stand for individual excellence; and glitter, for splendid effect: but to the discerning—and they are many—a well selected few of singers and dancers will amply compensate; even though the entertainments were curtailed nearly two hours of their present unreasonable duration. Two hours and a half of music, with half an hour's pause, and then another hour of dancing, are enough to satisfy the ear and eye of any attentive spectator. Our appetites, sensual or mental, should never be fed to a surfeit, if we would have their zests continue unimpaired.

To return to Meyerbeer: his choral effects, with the exception of two instances, in this Opera, 'Zitti, zitti, la regina,' and 'Che bell' alba! che bel giorno!' are produced rather by masses of sound than by the finesse of his art. Number increases the power, but not the beauty of harmony. Trumpets and trombones, used merely to strengthen an orchestra, are here thus; and not always, well applied. We may elucidate the remark, by referring to the adagio of the 'Zauberflöte' Overture, and to 'Don Juan,' at the re-appearance of the dead Commandant. Weber, too, in the 'Freyschütz' and 'Oberon,' has, in the employment of these brazen allies, made them *causes of*, rather than only additions to, his wonderful effects.

The greatest error of genius—that of adopting the ideas of others, instead of only endeavouring to think as they have thought,—is perhaps conspicuous in Meyerbeer, by the apparent servility displayed in his imitations of—not the best example too—Rossini.

The pure singing of the Italian school of melody is delightful; it is worthy of remark, that throughout this opera we have heard only *one* shake, and that was given, as the composer employed it, for effect; yet, strange to tell the multitude who extoll Mr. Braham and his school, all was highly effective! The English, as a people, are fond of simplicity; and there wants but the laudable determination of our national vocalists to banish the tirade of the eternal trill and cadenza, to retrieve, or, we had better say, improve the taste of their hearers. We may put the idea into another form; as Mr. Braham's motto seems to be, 'I sing to please, and so I please to sing,'—that portion of the audience who do know what is good, should resent, resolutely, the introduction of what deteriorates it. None know better the excellencies of their art, or esteem them more highly, than the identical favourites of the day, who most indulge in such low innovations. It is in consequence of these mal-practices, that those who would occasionally visit our national theatres never do, and they who do honour them, do so but very seldom.

THE FRENCH DRAMA.

BEING INTRODUCTORY TO THE NOTICES OF THE FRENCH THEATRE IN LONDON.

We are Englishmen,—and we have due English admiration of the dramatic genius of our country. But we trust we have not the English prejudices on that score; for, blind and wrong-headed as English prejudices always are, on this point they are so pre-eminently. We worship Shakespeare—but not bigotedly. We venerate his nature, his passion, his humour—but still we are able to see his blemishes, and to feel and acknowledge that they are such. Above all, the value which we set upon him, and the rest of our dramatic worthies, does not prevent our also appreciating the merits of the great names of the French Drama, how differently soever they may be wrought out from what is accordant with the ideas of this country.

It has been very much the fashion, for several years back, for those persons who affect to belong to the

more enthusiastic and poetical order of critics, to stamp at once with the brand of cold and artificial taste, and incapacity to feel nature and poetry, all those who find, and praise, beauties in Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Now, we confess, we think these gentlemen run into an extreme every whit as absurd as the Parisians, who regard Shakspeare as a barbarian, and his pieces as gross and monstrous farces. But, it is to be observed, that this class, formerly so numerous in France, is fast diminishing; while the equally absurd estimate formed by many of our men of letters even, of the qualities of the French Drama, has by no means changed as it ought.

That the system of the French theatre is bad, we fully and at once admit. The excess to which adherence to the unities is carried produces absurdities quite as great as their most startling infringement; and it does what is much worse—it throws languor and constraint over the whole march of the piece, thus checking and injuring what is really impassioned, and rendering colder and more formal that which is already stiff and cold. And, above all, the dialogue being written in rhyming verse, gives all that is said the air of such an utter absence of nature, as to need the most energetic and undeniable passion to throw out of view its preposterous mode of expression. But we say, that such instances do constantly occur: we say, that the whole conception and admirable delineation of character—the dramatic grouping of incidents—and the bursts of splendid eloquence, or true nature, which we find in the masterpieces of the great tragic writers of France, overpower and throw into the shade the faults of the school to which they belong. And, we confess, we think they possess the greater merit, when we reflect upon all it is that they do surmount.

In the first place, there is their strict adherence to the unities. To lay down such a rule when one is about to write a tragedy, is very much upon a par with putting on fetters before one begins to dance. The unity of time, in fact, is not adhered to, even in theory; for, to suppose four-and-twenty hours to elapse during three, needs very little less exertion of the imagination than to suppose a week, a month, or a year—any thing, in a word, short of that lapse of time which would operate change upon the physical appearance of the persons. The unity of place is equally futile: we know very well, if we choose to think for a moment, that we are sitting in a theatre, in Paris or in London, and are not in the palace of the Cæsars at Rome, or in that of the Ptolemies in Egypt; and, as far as the *illusion* goes, it is certainly better kept up by having the locality adapted to the action, than by forcing the action to accommodate itself to the locality.

As to the unity of action, there is more to be said for it; at least to a certain extent. We are far from advocating the foppishness of considering it necessary that it should be possible to define the action of a piece in a single sentence; but we are equally against impertinent episodes, and irrelevant under-plots. When Shakspeare extends the plan of his plays into absolute pieces of biography, we are far from thinking the unity of action destroyed in such instances. The subject of interest is one. It is the development of the character of an individual under the influence of external circumstances, and of the consequences of his own deeds. But we think the subject ought to be one; for, in the compass of a play, the mind has not sufficient time to devote itself with effect to following and sharing in more than one.

Add to the constraint of the unities that of Alexandrine verse! When we consider that the passions, tender, vehement, and heroic, are to be expressed with all the restraints and formalities of the French Alexandrine, it is wonderful how we ever can recognize them at all. The French put a ban upon half the words in their language, as being 'beneath the dignity of tragic verse'; the metre they adopt is the most monotonous ever invented by man; and, to crown all, they have imposed upon themselves the necessity of alternating (what they call) masculine and feminine rhymes! If, therefore, their writers, to a considerable extent, overcome the confinement of this preposterous costume, the merit due to them is indeed great. If, cased up like Sancho between his bucklers, they, unlike him, are able to fight, what praise is due to their prowess! In sober truth, it is in the exact degree that we condemn and lament the system, that we admire those who have wrought such wonders in despite of it.

As regards character, look at the elder *Horace*, at *Hermione*, at *Phédre*, at *Sémiramis*, at *Orosmane*; when we listen to the grandeur and the force of these, respectively, do we not utterly forget all the fopperies and falsities with which the development of these personifications of the passions have been encumbered?

Genius, while she submits herself to the trammels of art, soars beyond its influence, and causes it to be forgotten in her own excess.

We have said these few words of French tragedy, (for we feel that we have scarcely even entered upon the subject), only because we thought it right, in any notice of the French Drama, to throw out an indication of our ideas on this great branch of it; but, as the establishment in London which has given rise to our touching upon the subject at all, will probably not very often represent tragic pieces, we now proceed to comedy.

And here we can no longer assume the tone of critics giving, in their candour, great individual praise in the midst of still greater general blame: we must speak in a tone of almost unmixed admiration; and must, Englishmen though we be, yield, upon the whole, the palm to our continental rivals. We certainly have, in comedy, no name equal to Molière. If Shakspeare had devoted himself to comedy alone, it is possible he might have surpassed him; but, in despite of Falstaff, and Shallow, and Malvolio, and Parolles, Shakspeare has no where a comedy which can be placed by the side of the *Tartuffe*, or the *Misanthrope*. Falstaff, as he stands singly, is probably a finer comic conception than any one of Molière's, but he does stand single;—the plays in which he appears consist of scenes à tiroir; that is, any given scene of Falstaff might be drawn out—it would stand by itself, and, as regarded the others, it would not be missed. Any of the scenes at Eastcheap would be equally good, if the others did not exist. Like 'Gil Blas', the adventures are independent of each other—not as in 'Tom Jones', where they form different links of the same chain. But, at all events, set Falstaff aside, and we have nothing to oppose to Molière. Congreve stands to him very much in the relation in which the French tragic writers do to ours. Molière has all the freshness, and life, and spirit, and good humour: Congreve is a pre-eminent artist; he has wit to a fault—his dialogue is elaborated to an exquisite degree, which at last becomes painful—but he wants the frolic, the abandon of the delightful Frenchman. 'The Way of the World' (which was damned, by the bye) is, probably, Congreve's most perfect play—and very admirable it is. We are, in truth, devoted admirers of Congreve, and we do not recollect ever having caught ourselves detracting from him before; but in comparison with Molière, he does want life and nature. Moreover, Congreve has the (fault, we can scarcely call it, but the) characteristic which, in a very able article which appeared on Comedy in the 'Quarterly Review' about two years ago, is attributed to Molière,—his plays are of the time. They are satires of the manners of the town in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns, rather than of general nature. Now this, we think, in despite of the criticism aforesaid, is not the case with Molière. *Tartuffe*, especially, is not of an age, but for all time—at least, until hypocrisy, credulity, and fanaticism shall be banished from the world, which, we think, will be neither to-morrow nor the next day.—In another of Molière's higher order of pieces, the injustice of this objection is remarkable; and, what is singular, it may be contrasted upon this very point, as upon many others, with an almost parallel piece in our language—parallel, at least, and closely too, in general object, though widely differently worked out. We allude to 'L'Ecole des Femmes,' and 'The Country Wife' of Wycherley. Wycherley ranks high, and deservedly so, among our comic writers. But the very blemish to which we have been alluding, has caused his plays to become obsolete. All his personages are the profligates of Charles II. and William III.'s time; and, consequently, they talk and behave in a sort of way that is totally unrepresentable at the present day. 'The Country Wife' is full of humour, and even has a great deal of wit; but it is so atrociously coarse in conception, as well as in detail, as to indicate the most corrupt taste, not of manners only, but also of mind. Now, 'L'Ecole des Femmes' turns upon entirely the same subject—the folly, namely, of thinking that keeping women ignorant, and endeavouring to make them as silly as possible, is likely to ensure their constancy and strictness. But in Molière this is done with a delicacy as conspicuous as is the coarseness of the English piece; and, at the same time, the feelings and ideas are so beautifully accordant with nature, that they are equally applicable under every modification of society;—while the Pinchwives, the Horners, and the Sparkishes of Wycherley stamp their own date, and, to a general audience, are unintelligible at every other. Though our space is fast becoming exhausted, we cannot resist giving the following scene between the maker and the object of the absurd expe-

riment above alluded to. Agnes has desired to go off with Horace, who has promised to marry her. The crotchety gentleman who is training her for his wife is furious. She asks him:

Arnolphe. Pourquoi me criez vous?
Agnes. Je n'entends point de mal dans tout ce que j'ai fait.
Arnolphe. Suivre un galant n'est pas une action infâme?
Agnes. C'est un homme qui me dit qu'il ne veut pour sa femme.

Agnes. J'ai suivie vos leçons, et vous m'avez prêché Qu'il faut se marier pour ôter le péché.
Arnolphe. Oui, mais pour femme, moi, je prétendais vous prendre.

Agnes. Et je vous l'avais fait, me semble, assez entendre.
Agnes. Oui, mais à vous parler franchement entre nous, Il est plus pour cela selon mon goût que vous. Chez vous le mariage est fâcheux et pénible, Et vos discours en font une image terrible. Mais, las! il le fait, lui, si rempli de plaisirs, Que de se marier il donne des desirs.

Arnolphe. Ah! c'est que vous l'aimez, traître! *Oui je l'aime.*
Agnes. *Arnolphe.* Et vous avez le front de le dire à moi-même?
Agnes. Et pourquoi, s'il est vrai, ne le dirais-je pas?
Arnolphe. Le deviez-vous aimer, impertinente?
Agnes. Hélas!

Est-ce que j'en puis mais!—lui seul en est la cause Et je n'y pensais pas lorsque se fit la chose.
Arnolphe. Mais il fallait chasser cet amoureux desir.

Agnes. Le moyen de chasser ce qui nous fait plaisir!
Arnolphe. Mais ne saviez-vous pas que c'était me déplaire?
Agnes. Moi! point du tout. Quel mal cela peut-il vous faire?
Arnolphe. Il est vrai, j'ai sujet d'en être réjoui.

Agnes. Vous ne m'aimez donc pas, à ce compte?
Agnes. *Arnolphe.* Vous? *Oui!*
Agnes. Hélas! non.
Arnolphe. Comment non?

Agnes. Voulez-vous que je mente!
Arnolphe. Pourquoi ne pas m'aimer madame l'impudente?
Agnes. Mon Dieu! ce n'est pas moi que vous devez blâmer. Que ne vous êtes-vous comme lui fait aimer? Je ne vous en ai pas empêché, que je pense.

What real, deep, and delicate comedy is this!—How true in metaphysics!—How subtle in its knowledge of nature! Truly has a critic remarked, 'Il est clair que pour suivre son devoir, il faut au moins le connaître'; and thus, in this instance, the innocence founded on ignorance is soon shown to have its foundation on sand. Grant Agnes her premises, and her conclusions are irresistible. And those very premises are what Arnolphe has been labouring to inculcate! Compare this scene with any of those between Margery Pinchwife and her husband, and the superiority of Molière, in every particular, will be undeniably apparent.

But it is not only in these higher comedies,—the *farce* of Molière is equally delightful. 'Georges Dandin,' 'Le Malade Imaginaire,' and, above all, 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' are, each and all, delicious. There surely is nothing in the whole range of humorous composition so irresistible as the *matinée* of M. Jourdain,—his masters, quarrelling about the pre-eminence of their respective arts,—his philological studies, in which he discovers that he has been talking prose all his life without knowing it,—his address to the *belle marquise*! Truly, we do not wonder at Louis XIV. declaring to Molière, at the conclusion of the piece, that he had never made him laugh so much.

The field is vast; we have yet much to say, and our space is already filled. But when we get upon a subject such as Molière, it is indeed difficult to break off. We have scarcely touched upon the two great chefs-d'œuvres of the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Misanthrope'; for as it is probable they may be both acted here more than once, we reserve what we have to say on them to a future opportunity, when we shall, in all likelihood, enter into rather a detailed analysis of these celebrated comedies. They ought, however, we may add, *par parenthèse*, to have a strong company to attempt to fly this pitch. Perlet, delightful in his line, is not equal to the 'Tartuffe'; nay, we think he mistakes it; but of this more hereafter. In our next, we shall pass under a brief review the French comic writers down to our own time, who have left behind them pieces which have maintained their ground upon the stage.

The report is, we believe, quite true, that Amy Wilson, the gentle and excellent sister of the no less worthy Harriette, is actually engaged at the King's Theatre, as translatrix of the Operas. Now, to use a lordly phrase, 'this is too bad.' Does the Opera Management think so highly of the literary reputation of Mr. Stockdale's stock authoress as to be induced to secure the services of another of the same family? The initiatory attempt of Amy's must tend, we should think, to undeceive them if they do; for in the *traduction* (an admirable word) of Meyerbeer's 'Margherita d'Anjou,' we scarcely know which savours most strongly of the ridiculous—the utter ignorance displayed of the original Italian, or the execrable stupidity of the equally original English.

MINOR THEATRE—THE ADELPHI.

This flourishing little theatre produced, on Monday evening last, a new comic burletta, entitled 'London and Paris,' by Mr. Planché, the successful adapter of many elegant bagatelles for Covent Garden. The piece in question is partly 'taken from the French,' but seemed not the less novel and attractive to a crowded audience.

It is of a more genteel order than we have seen (with the exception of 'The Libertine's Lesson') at this most respectable of the minor houses. Should its éclat induce the management to prefer such pleasant trifles, to the vulgar spectacles unsuitable to their limited stage, they might find their box-company improve in quality, without decreasing in numbers.

The language of 'London and Paris' is correct and spirited; its characters and situations arranged with that knowledge of effect, which in the present day is more secure of success than originality itself might prove, could it be tried. But many incidents of Mr. Planché's burletta have a freshness and truth which claims a less negative commendation. He takes the spectators 'behind the scenes,' and gallantly represents the female theatrical character in France, as adorned with the virtues, which, it were to be wished, that all actresses possessed. The scenery is faithful, and reflects great credit on the artists. The Panorama and 'nautical' machinery elicited loud applause. The music is light and appropriate; the characters all strikingly dressed. The piece puts in requisition the whole strength of the company, with the exceptions of Messrs. Terry and Cooke. We have neither time nor room for entering into detail, and giving each performer his or her meed of praise. All exerted themselves to their utmost, and to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

Mr. Yates enacted the French friseur with true Gallic accent, shrug, and grimace. There is genius in every thing Yates does, and his good-humoured buoyant ease even critics find contagious. He is a more pleasant person to see than many a greater man. Mr. Reeve represented Liston, as *Mr. Lissom*. Mr. Reeve is a clever imitator, as well as a diverting comedian; and, if he were always as careful, as on Monday, to chasten his style of humour, we could yield unqualified approbation to the richness and nature of his acting.

Mr. Gallott, as *Gobble*, was well received, and heartily laughed at. We see nothing ludicrous in gluttony; but that is not the actor's fault. Mr. Gallott has much pleased us in other parts. Mr. Wilkinson was quaint, droll, and quiet, in the coachman. Mr. Benson Hill, from Bath and Edinburgh, made his first appearance in London, as the *Honourable Frederick Froth*, a sort of exclusive exquisite. He has a gentlemanly person and manner, which suited the fashionable dangler. Without much to do, and evidently restrained by the tremor inseparable from a *debut*, he gave promise of much happy extravagance in similar characters, when time shall have assured him of his footing with the town. We were pleased with him for not overacting such a part, as the common stage-caricatures of 'silly gentlemen' fail in their satiric aim, from their utter dissimilarity to the originals. Mr. Benson Hill was warmly received and supported. We congratulate the Adelphi on its acquisition, and doubt not of his becoming a favourite. Mrs. Yates's neat and distinct manner gave force to the sentiments of *Lady Volatil*. Miss Taylor and Mrs. H. Hughes were extremely interesting, and Mrs. Daly a 'respectable cook!'

A new interlude followed, of which Mr. T. P. Cooke was the hero. This piece also went off very triumphantly; and the Adelphi Pantomime is decidedly the most laughable of all the Christmas harlequinades.

We understand it is by no means unlikely that Mr. Sinclair will, ere long, appear again at Covent Garden Theatre. This consummation (although it would be curious enough after the recent law-suits between the parties, so pertinaciously carried on) would be much more creditable, we think, to the professional reputation of Mr. Sinclair, than his singing at either of the Minor Theatres, even upon higher terms.

It is said that there are some points of difference between the Managers of Covent Garden and Miss Jarman. The young lady is represented as having been petted by the public into rather an overweening notion of her own talents, under the impression of which she refuses to appear in any but the very first rate characters. This is, we think, incautious: a refractory secession from the London stage would, we suspect, be far less matter of regret to the public than to Miss Jarman herself.

REPRINTED NUMBERS.

The Publisher of 'THE ATHENÆUM' begs to announce that Numbers 1 and 2 have now been reprinted, and may be had through any Bookseller or Newsman, or at the Office of Publication. As no further reprints can be made, all who desire to possess them for completing their Sets, should forward their orders without delay.

NOBLE PORTRAITS.

Portrait of Lady Bagot, of the Viscountess Burghersh, and Lady Fitzroy Somerset. Engraved by J. THOMPSON, from a Drawing of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and dedicated to Lady Maryborough. Published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printsellers to his Majesty, Pall-Mall.

This is really a magnificent print. The subjects are three fine specimens of female beauty and personal dignity, with great variety of feminine expression, representing the three titled ladies named above, who are nieces of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

The serious thoughtfulness of the first, the arch playfulness of the second, the pensive sentiments of the third, are given in the happiest manner, and in a style peculiar to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The grouping is most delicious. As a composition, it is as sweet a thing as ever came from an artist's pencil.

The effect obtained by the management of the varied shades of the hair, in opposition to the light and dark of the background, most skillfully gives the composition a force without diminishing its breadth. The drawing of the hands and feet is beautiful in the same degree. Without having seen the original drawing, we may venture to pronounce, from the ability with which the engraving is executed, that it can have lost few of its graces in the copy.

Mr. Wm. Finden, the eminent engraver, is now actively engaged (and has been for some time past) upon the celebrated portrait, last taken, of his Majesty, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This admirable work has already appeared in mezzotint; but Mr. Finden's engraving will be in the most complete style of the art, and is expected to be ready in the course of the Spring.

A lady of title did the late Mr. Fuseli the honour, one morning, of calling to look at his celebrated picture of *Puck*, then just finished. After bestowing the usual quota of admiration, her ladyship remarked, 'But, Mr. Fuseli, I cannot make out whether the motion of the figure is meant to be considered as upward or downward.'—Upon which the artist, after staring a moment in the lady's face, muttered, 'Tam fool!' and abruptly quitted the gallery.

We hear with pleasure, the most poetical of all our painters, Howard, is engaged on a subject eminently suited for his pencil, and that his forthcoming picture of the 'Rising of the Moon,' will rival his beautiful production, the Solar System and the Pleiades.

The tragedy of *The Serf*, (which comes out this evening,) is, according to green-room report, the work of a man of high rank, and great 'mark and likelihood.' We may add, that it is not from the pen of Lord Normanby.

A new farce (by Mr. Peake) is announced at Drury-Lane Theatre, on Saturday, which will combine the admired talents of Messrs. Liston, Mathews, and Jones. It is to be designated 'The Haunted Inn,' and is said to have called forth the warm encomiums of the Licenser.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles, hitherto known only as a writer of tragedy, is about to flirt a little with Melpomene's livelier sister. A new comedy by this gentleman is forthcoming at Old Drury.

Lord Normanby, Lord Porchester, and Lady Dacre, are each engaged at this moment in manufacturing dramas for the two winter houses.

No less than 194 new pieces were produced in Paris during last year;—viz. 24 operas, 6 tragedies, 22 comedies, 3 dramas, 112 vaudevilles, 4 pantomimic ballets, and 23 melodramas! Of these, 51 were contributed by three authors alone,—Messrs. Theaulon, Brazier, and Dartois.

The Grand Council of the Valais, in Switzerland, has published a decree, abolishing the punishment of death. This great and generous determination augurs most favourably for the success of similar efforts, which are making both in Bavaria and at Geneva.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Adeane, a barrister, is now said to be the author, or, at any rate, the compiler, of the work called 'The Clubs of London.'

Mr. Edward Young, Student of Trinity College, has obtained the Hulsean Prize for the last year, for his Dissertation on the following subject, 'The Contention between Paul and Barnabas.' Cambridge, Jan. 11.

The Rev. Jas. Proctor, M.A., Fellow of Peter's College, Cambridge, has a volume of Sermons in the press.

The First Number of Mr. J. G. Jackson's *Designs for Villas*, on a moderate scale of expense, and adapted to the vicinity of cities, is on the eve of publication. The work will be complete in six numbers.

A volume is now printing, which, if we may judge from its name, is calculated to be very useful, *A Guide to Importers and Purchasers of Wines*.

Mr. W. Rae Wilson, F.S.A., has, in the press, *Travels in Russia, Prussia, and Finland*; illustrated with engravings, and dedicated, by permission, to the King.

Preparing for publication, *A Copious English and Greek Dictionary*, by the Rev. J. Edwards, M.A., Rector of South Ferry, modelled on the celebrated German and Greek Dictionary by H. C. Olearius.

Just published, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late John Mason Good, M.D., F.R.S., &c.*; with numerous illustrative selections from his unpublished papers, by Oliphant Gregory, L.L.D.

It is proposed to publish, by subscription, a History of Initiation, comprising a detailed account of the rites and ceremonies, doctrines and discipline, of all the secret and mysterious institutions of the ancient world: by the Rev. G. Oliver, Vicar of Clec.

The Memoir of the Life and Travels of John Leydard (of which work we gave an account in our last Number) are nearly ready for publication.

The following works will be published this week: *Tales of the West*, by the author of 'Letters from the East.' 2 vols., post 8vo.

The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with portrait, 8vo.

Servants and Doings, Third Series, 3 vols., post 8vo.

Mr. D'Israeli (Author of 'The Curiosities of Literature,' &c.) has in the press a work under the title of 'Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I., King of England.' Mr. D'Israeli very justly thinks, that in a right understanding of the life and reign of this monarch are involved most of those subjects the knowledge of which is valuable and necessary to all men at all times, but, above all, to Englishmen.

Nearly ready, in 2 vols., post 8vo., a second edition, much enlarged, of *Horæ Mementa Crævense*, or, The Dialect of the Deanery of Craven, in the West Riding of the County of York, with a copious Glossary, illustrated with ancient authorities of English and Scottish writers.

Dr. Maginn, whose celebrity in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' under the assumed name of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, has been great both for good and for evil, (according to the notions of opposite parties in Literature), is preparing a work to be called 'Tales of the Talmud.'

A Translation is preparing from the German of one of Madame Pichler's most popular novels, and is to be called 'Wallenstein, or, the Swedes in Prague.'

In the press, and shortly will be published, *An Essay on the Application of Mathematical Analysis to the Theories of Electricity and Magnetism*. This Essay will commence with an Exposition of the General Principles common to both Theories; which will be followed by particular Applications of them to many cases not hitherto submitted to Calculation.

Preparing for publication, *The Beggar of the Seas*; or, Belgium in the Time of the Duke of Alba.

WEEKLY REPORT OF BOOKS SUBSCRIBED BY THE TRADE.

Thaumatargus, post 8vo., 6s.
Hickie's Latin Grammar, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
De Beauvoir on Second Love, 3 vols., 12mo., 1l. 4s.
Hoffland's Africa Described, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, by E. H. Barker, 8vo., 16s.
Nicholson's Treatise on Masonry, royal 8vo., 1l. 2s.
Lord Chedworth's Letters, 4to., 1l. 5s.
Return of the Fairies, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Fairy Mythology, 2 vols., f.c. plates, 1l. 1s.
Davies on the Human Mind, 2 vols., 8vo., 18s.
Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt, 1 vol., 4to., 3l. 3s.
Tales of an Antiquary, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Chateaubriand's Travels in America and Italy, 2 vols., 8vo., 24s.
Gradus ad Parnassum, or Hall's Plan of Instruction, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
European Biography of the Middle Ages, 12mo., 7s.
A Selection, on the Hamiltonian System, from German Prose Writers, 8vo., 16s.
Xenophon's Memorabilia, Book I., on Locke's Plan, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
The Gate to the Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac Unlocked, 8vo., 6s. 6d.
Foreign Review, and Continental Miscellany, Part I., 6s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Hours of observation at A.M. and 8 P.M.	Therm.		Winds.	Weather.	Cloud.
	January	A.M. P.M.			
Tues. 15	37°	35°	N.W.	Haze.	The modifications of Cloud which prevail throughout the week were the Cirrus, Cirrostratus, and Stratus.
Wed. 16	37°	35°	N.E. to E	Sleet.	
Thur. 17	45°	40°	S.E.	Rain.	
Frid. 18	52°	51°	S. to S.W	Haze.	
Sat. 19	54°	48°	S.W.	Serene.	
Sun. 20	51°	43°	S.W.	Serene.	
Mon. 21	43°	43°	S.W. to S	Serene.	

Astronomical Observations.

On the 15th the Planet Mercury in conjunction with the Moon, and at its farthest distance from the Sun.

On the 15th the Moon and Venus in conjunction.

On the 16th the Sun and Herschel in conjunction.

On the 21st the Sun 30' in Aquarius.

This day is published, 3 Vols. 12mo., 21s. boards,
THE ENGLISH IN INDIA. By the Author
 of 'Pandurang Hari,' and 'The Zenana.'
 London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers'
 Hall-court, Ludgate-street.

This day is published, 6 Vols. 8vo., 3l. 12s. bds.,
THE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY,
 from the Revival of the Fine Arts to the Close of the
 18th Century. Translated from the Italian of the Ab. LUIZI
 LANZI, by THOMAS ROSCOE.
 *A few copies in imperial 8vo., adapted for Illustration,
 6l. 6s. boards.
 London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers'
 Hall-court, Ludgate-street.

Now ready, price Sevenpence.

BENT'S LIST OF NEW WORKS published in
 1827, from January to December inclusive; Alphabeti-
 cally Arranged, with their Sizes and Prices.
 London: published for the Executor of the late W. Bent, by
 Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-hall-court; and sold by
 Longman, Rees, and Co., and all Booksellers.

Of whom also may be had,
BENT'S LONDON CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, with their
 Sizes, Prices, and Publishers, containing the Books published
 in London, and those altered in size and price, since the year
 1800, to March 1827. In 8vo., price 12s. boards.

REPORTS ON PUBLIC CHARITIES.

In 8vo. Boards, price 12s. Vol. I. of

AN ACCOUNT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES
 IN ENGLAND AND WALES; comprising the Charities of
 seventeen of the chartered Companies of London and of the
 principal cities and towns; including Bristol, Bath, York, Man-
 chester, Leeds, Stafford, Wolverhampton, Northampton, Gloucester,
 Beverley, Stratford, Lichfield, Bedford, &c.; digested from
 the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations.
 With Notes and Comments, by the Editor of
 'THE CABINET LAWYER.'

'This work is unquestionably of great importance, and we
 can, with great confidence, recommend it to our readers. The
 notes and comments, by the Editor, are elucidatory and satisfac-
 tory; and he has executed his difficult task with much tact
 and ability.'—*The Star*, March 5, 1827.

'The compiler has added some very curious and pertinent
 notes.'—*The Times*.
 London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers'-
 hall-court, Ludgate-street.

MONKEYANA.

Nearly ready for publication, Part I. (to be completed in Six
 Parts) of a Series of Engravings from Humorous Designs
 by Thomas Landseer, entitled,

MONKEYANA, OR MEN IN MINIATURE.
 The subjects principally drawn from the Life, and the
 Costume according to the present fashion.

CONTENTS.—Plate I. Satirical Title.—2. I hope I don't intrude
 —3. News from Navarino.—4. Philobotomy.—5. Monkey Jockey-
 ship, or Rough Riding.

Prints on India royal 4to., price 9s.; Proofs imperial 4to.,
 12s.; Proofs crown folio, before the letters, 21s.

Published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, (successors to Hurst,
 Robinson, and Co.), 6, Pall Mall; and F. G. Moon, Thread-
 needle-street.

Part II. will be published early in February, and the subjects
 being all in a state of forwardness, a regular succession can be
 insured to subscribers until the completion of the work.

Just published. Price 5s.—No. XLIX.

THE ORIENTAL HERALD FOR JANUARY,
 1828, containing, among other matters peculiarly in-
 teresting to Individuals and Families connected with India,
 the following Articles: Claims of the East India Company to
 the Right of Imposing Taxes without Limitation—Navarino—
 Sir Edward East's suggested Reforms in India—Spanish Seve-
 nade—The War in Greece—To Enthusiasm—Origin, History,
 and the Present State of the Censorship of the Press in India—
 For Ever Thine—On the Poems attributed to Homer—Ancient
 Song of Victory—Journey from Madras to Bombay—The Voice
 of Home—Doctrine of Summary Commitment, for Construc-
 tive Contempts of Parliament and of Courts of Justice—De-
 clining Attachment and Fidelity of the Bengal Army—To a
 Lady Singing—Recollections of Colombia in 1814—Stanzas—
 Free Trade to the East—Emigration, and the East India Com-
 pany's Monopoly—Introduction of Censorship of Trial by Jury, and Abolition
 of Slavery, by Sir Alexander Johnston, in Ceylon—Services of
 King's and Company's Troops at the Siege of Bhurtpore—De-
 termination of the Dimensions of the Ancient Egyptian Cubit—
 Letter of General News from Madras—Proposed Improvement
 in the East India Company's Army—Efforts making in Bengal
 to resist the Arbitrary Taxation of the East India Company—
 General Summary of the Latest Intelligence connected with
 the Eastern World—Account of the War in the Punjab—In-
 surrection in Chinese Tartary—Reported New Government in
 Upper and Central India—State of our Newly-Acquired Terri-
 tory in Arracan—Progress of the Governor-General in his Tour
 through India—Discontinuation of 'The Shems al Akbar,' a
 Native Newspaper—Monument to the Marquis of Hastings at
 Calcutta—Shipwreck of the *John* on her entry into the River
 Hooghly—Curious Parsee Document—Debate at the East In-
 dia House—Civil and Military Intelligence—Births, Marriages,
 and Deaths—Shipping Intelligence—Postscript: Suppression
 of another English Newspaper in India, &c.

The following Numbers of 'The Oriental Herald' being out
 of Print, the Full Price will be given for any Copies of them
 that may be sent to the Office of Publication.

Numbers 13, 14, 15, and Supplement; 25, 26, and 28.
 A few Sets of 'The Oriental Herald' Complete, in Fifteen
 Octavo Volumes, neatly and uniformly bound, may still be had,
 at 10s. 6d. per volume.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 147, STRAND, NEAR SOMERSET-
 HOUSE.

The following interesting NEW WORKS will be published in
 the course of the PRESENT WEEK, by Mr. COLBURN, 8, New
 Burlington-street.

**LORD BYRON AND SOME OF HIS CON-
 TEMPORARIES.** By LEIGH HUNT. 1 vol.
 2. THE THIRD SERIES OF SAYINGS AND DOINGS, 3 vols.
 3. THE OCTAVO EDITION OF THE DIARY AND CORRESPOND-
 ENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq. Edited by LORD BRAYBROOKE,
 3 vols.

4. TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY, illustrative of the Manners,
 and Localities of Ancient London. 1 vol.

5. THE TRANSLATION OF VISCOUNT CHATEAUBRIAND'S
 TRAVELS IN AMERICA AND ITALY. 2 vols.

6. TALES OF THE WEST. By the Author of 'Letters from
 the East.' 2 vols.

7. THE REMINISCENCES OF HENRY ANGELO. 1 vol.

**LITERARY, CLASSICAL, AND ORIENTAL
 EDUCATION, FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, at Yezerod
 House Academy, South Lambeth,** by S. S. HYRDESS, whose
 establishment is conducted on the most liberal principles.
 Terms, and a sketch of the system, may be had on application
 as above; or to Messrs. Hunt and Clarke, publishers, 4, York-
 street, Covent-garden.

ORIGINES GENEALOGICÆ; or the Sources
 whence English Genealogies may be traced from the
 Conquest to the present time, accompanied by specimens of
 Ancient Records, Rolls, and Manuscripts, with proofs of their
 genealogical utility. Published for the assistance of Claimants
 to hereditary Titles, Honours, or Estates, by STACY GRIM-
 MALDI, F.S.A.
 Printed for Longman and Co. 1 vol. 4to. Price 3l. 3s.

Just published,
**THE LOOKING GLASS for the MIND; or,
 INTELLECTUAL MIRROR.** Being an elegant Collec-
 tion of the most delightful little Stories and interesting Tales,
 chiefly translated from that much-admired work, 'L'Ami des
 Enfants,' with 74 cuts, on wood, by Bewick. 17th Edition.
 Printed for John Harris, G. B. Whittaker, Harvey and
 Darton, Longman and Co., J. and C. Rivington, T. Cadell,
 R. S. Kirby, Baldwin and Co., Hamilton and Co., J. Soater,
 Simpkin and Co., J. Nunn, R. Scholey, and Parle and Edwards.
 Price 3s. 6d. bound in sheep.

TO TEACHERS AND HEADS OF FAMILIES.
 On the first of every Month is published and ready for
 delivery with the Magazines, THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE,
 AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION, in Parts at Eightpence
 each.

'The Mirror,' a publication containing much matter of im-
 proving amusement, selected with very considerable taste—
 has besides, in every Number, information of a most instruc-
 tive kind.—*J. Brougham, Esq. M. P.*
 J. LAMBART, 143, Strand, London; and all Booksellers.

This day is published, 7s. boards,
A MANUAL OF SURGICAL ANATOMY;
 containing a minute description of the parts concerned
 in Operative Surgery, with the Anatomical effects of Accidents,
 and instructions for the performance of Operations. By H. M.
 EDWARDS, D.M.P. Translated, with Notes, by WILLIAM
 COULSON, Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Medical School,
 Aldersgate-street, &c.

We recommend this Manual to the Student and to the Prac-
 titioner; to the former, as a useful companion in the Dissecting-
 room, and to the latter, as a valuable and convenient book of
 reference, comprehending most of the practical points on which
 he may have occasion to refresh his memory, and some ob-
 servations and suggestions which will probably add to his pro-
 fessional knowledge.—*Lancet*, Dec. 15, 1827.

London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers'
 Hall-court, Ludgate-street.

**THE HARMONIST, a new Flute and Piano-
 forte Magazine.** On the 1st of January was published, in
 4to., price 3s., No. I. of 'The Harmonist' being a new and
 improved series of 'The Flutist's Magazine and Piano-forte
 Review.' 'The Flutist's Magazine' is incorporated in this
 work; at the same time an additional interest is created by
 the introduction of music concertato for the flute and piano-
 forte.

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-hall-court;
 Boosey and Co., Holles-street; and Sustenance and Stretch,
 Percy-street, Bedford-square; where also may be had, 'The
 Flutist's Magazine,' just completed, price one Guinea; let-
 ter-press, separate price, 8s.; or music ditto, price 14s.

THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.
 No. XXXIV., contains the following Reviews and Ar-
 ticles.—I. Present State of Constantinople—Manners of the
 Turkish Ladies—Massacre of the Janissaries—Organization
 of the New Troops. II. Tales of the Moors. III. Privileges
 and Abuses of the Universities. IV. English in India. V. The
 United States as they Are. VI. Character and Scholarship of
 Dr. Parr. VII. Water Companies of London. VIII. Foreign
 Review; and several other New Books. IX. Original Essay
 on Public Opinion, by William Hazlitt, Esq. X. Adieu to
 Quadrilling. XI. Opening of the Italian Opera and French
 Theatre. XII. Theatrical Chat Chat. Miscellaneous, &c.
 'THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW' is the first periodical of
 its class.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

A clever and spirited new Journal, which we recommend
 to those persons who wish for early and impartial notices of
 new publications. It is on the plan of the 'Literary Gazette,'
 but free from the exorbitant, ignorant conceit, and party pre-
 judice, which distinguish that periodical.—*Scotsman*.

An excellent work, devoted to literature, and greatly supe-
 rior to any similar publication.—*Kent Herald*.
 Price unstamped 6d., and for Country Circulation (post
 free) 1s.

Published by F. C. Westley, 159, Strand; and sold by Simpkin
 and Marshall, Stationers'-hall-court.

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.
 (Dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.)

**TALES OF THE MOORS; or, Rainy Days in
 Ross-shire.** By the Author of 'Selwyn in Search of a
 Daughter.'

Printed for WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Edinburgh; and T.
 CADELL, Strand, London.

THE SPHYNX.—No. 3., for 1828, contains—
 POLITICS: Actual State of the Country, and Prospects
 of the Future—Danger of Rewards for the Discovery of Mur-
 derers—Lord Goderich's Ministry; Duke of Wellington's Ad-
 ministration—Turkey, Greece, Russia, and Austria. Policy of
 Great Britain—Army Patronage. Dukes of York and Well-
 ton—More Absurdities of the 'Perfection of Reason'—Sym-
 ptoms of Improvement in the Magistracy—LITERATURE: The
 United States of North America as they are—Posthumous
 Papers of a Person lately about Town—Jones's Poems—The
 Monkeyana, or Men in Miniature—The Frost King; a Poem—
 PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS: Italian Opera House—Soirees Fran-
 caises, English Opera House—Covent Garden—State of the
 Funds—News of the Week—Changes in the Ministry—The
 London Gazette, Markets, &c. &c.
 Office of Publication, 147, Strand, near Somerset-House.

Now ready for delivery,

**PORTRAITS OF LADY BAGOT, VIS-
 COUNTESS BURGHERSLI, and LADY FITZROY SO-
 MERSET,** (a group), beautifully Engraved by J. Thomson,
 Esq., from the original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence,
 P.R.A. Size 10 inches by 24 high. Prints, 15s.; India Proofs,
 31s. 6d.; before Letters, 52s. 6d.

London: published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, (successors
 to Hurst, Robinson, and Co.), Printers to the King, 6, Pall-
 mall, and by F. G. Moon, Threadneedle-street.

By whom will shortly be published,
 A PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,
 Engraved by F. C. LEWIS, in imitation of the original Draw-
 ing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

THE STAFFORD GALLERY,

At a very Reduced Price.

**ENGRAVINGS OF THE MOST NOBLE the
 MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S COLLECTION OF PIC-
 TURES,** arranged according to Schools, and in Chronological
 Order; with Remarks on each Picture, by W. Y. ORTLIEV,
 Esq., F.S.A., and P. W. TOMKINS, Esq.

The remaining Stock of this splendid Work having been pur-
 chased of the Assignees of Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.,
 the Public are most respectfully informed, that Copies may be
 obtained, for a limited period, at the following very Reduced
 prices:

PRINTS, 4 Vols. folio, half-bound, uncut, 12l. 12s.—Published
 at 35l. 14s.
 INDIA PROOFS, 4 Vols. folio, half-bound, uncut, 31l. 10s.—
 Published at 71l. 8s.

COLOURED and MOUNTED, with the Letter-Press sewed,
 52l. 10s.—Published at 171l. 14s.

The Work contains 291 engravings, (besides 13 plans of the
 rooms,) executed in the line manner by Finden, Fittler, G.
 Heath, Schiavonetti, Tomkins, Neagle, Mitton, J. Wright, Mil-
 ton, A. Smith, Elizabeth and Letitia Byrne, Dauthemare, War-
 ren, Landseer, Romney, Worthington, Piccart, and other
 eminent artists.

Only a limited number was printed, after which the
 whole of the copper-plates were destroyed in the presence of
 Sir Peter Pole, Sir James Elard-Burgh, and Edward Dowd,
 Esq., according to the terms of an Act of Parliament (57 Geo.
 III. c. 61.) granted to Mr. Tomkins for the disposal of his Gal-
 lery by Lottery. The public are therefore secured against in-
 ferior impressions of the plates; and the value of the remaining
 copies is greatly enhanced, as there can be no possibility of
 ever procuring other sets after the disposal of those now on
 hand.

London: Sold by SAMUEL LEIGH, 18, Strand; where copies
 in elegant bindings may be procured.

Orders for the Work received by all booksellers in town and
 country.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—This
 day is published, to be had gratis, REJOINDER OF THE
 PROPRIETORS of this Work to the 'REPLY OF THE FOREIGN
 REVIEW.' With this publication they beg to announce their
 resolution of withdrawing from all further controversy with
 their opponents; the circumstances detailed in this and their
 previous statement being such as they conceive will fully jus-
 tify them in the eyes of the public for rigidly adhering to that
 determination. Admitting in the fullest degree the justice of
 the observation in a contemporary independent Journal, ('The
 Atlas'), 'We must consider the act of printing equal to the
 force of an affidavit, and where a fact is asserted in type, re-
 ceive it with the credit due to an oath,'—they will stake their
 reputation on the truth and correctness of the details given in
 these two papers, and will leave it to the public to abide by, or
 dissent from, the conclusions drawn by the same print, ac-
 cordingly. Granting that the statement of the circumstances
 out of which the original work arose, is correct—and we have
 nothing for it but the deliberate printed avowal of a house of
 high respectability—is there a man in England who will hesi-
 tate to declare, that the second prospectus is FRAUDULENT in
 all its bearings?—The Third Number of 'The Foreign Quar-
 terly Review' will appear before the middle of February.
 30, Soho Square, 17th Jan. 1828.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 147, Strand, near
 Somerset House, by WILLIAM LEWIS. Sold also by JAMES
 RICHWAY, 169, Piccadilly; WILLIAM JEVES, St. Paul's Church-
 yard; WILLIAM MARSH, 137, Oxford-street, near Holles-
 street; EFFIEHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; EDWARD
 WILLMER, Liverpool; F. COOPER, Bristol; BELL and BRAD-
 FUTE, Edinburgh; SMITH and SON, Glasgow; JOHN CUMMING,
 Dublin; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen throughout
 the United Kingdom. Price, stamped, 1s.; unstamped, 9d.